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JULY 29, 1931

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BELGIUM FOR A HOLIDAY: By CHARLES GRAVES

The BYSTANDER

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the BYSTANDER

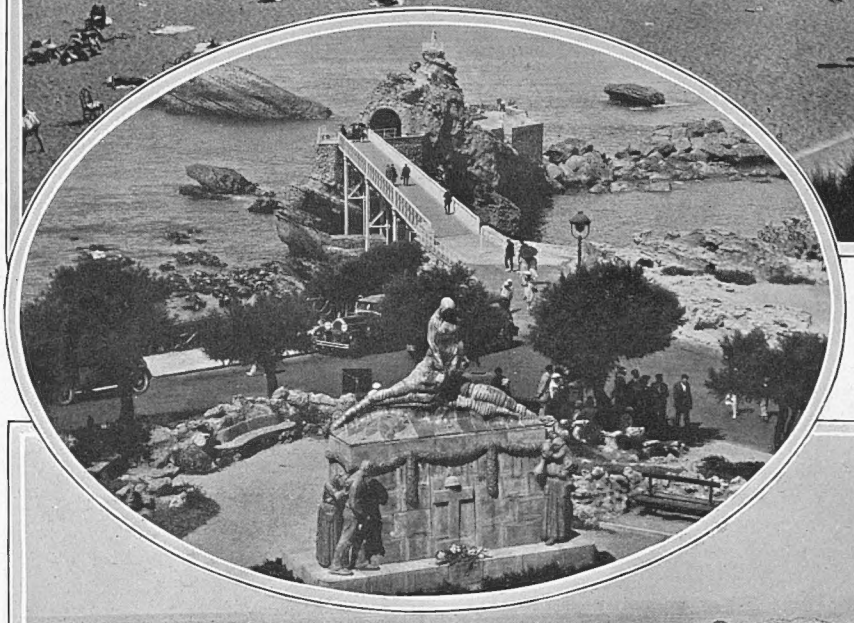
Constance Collier

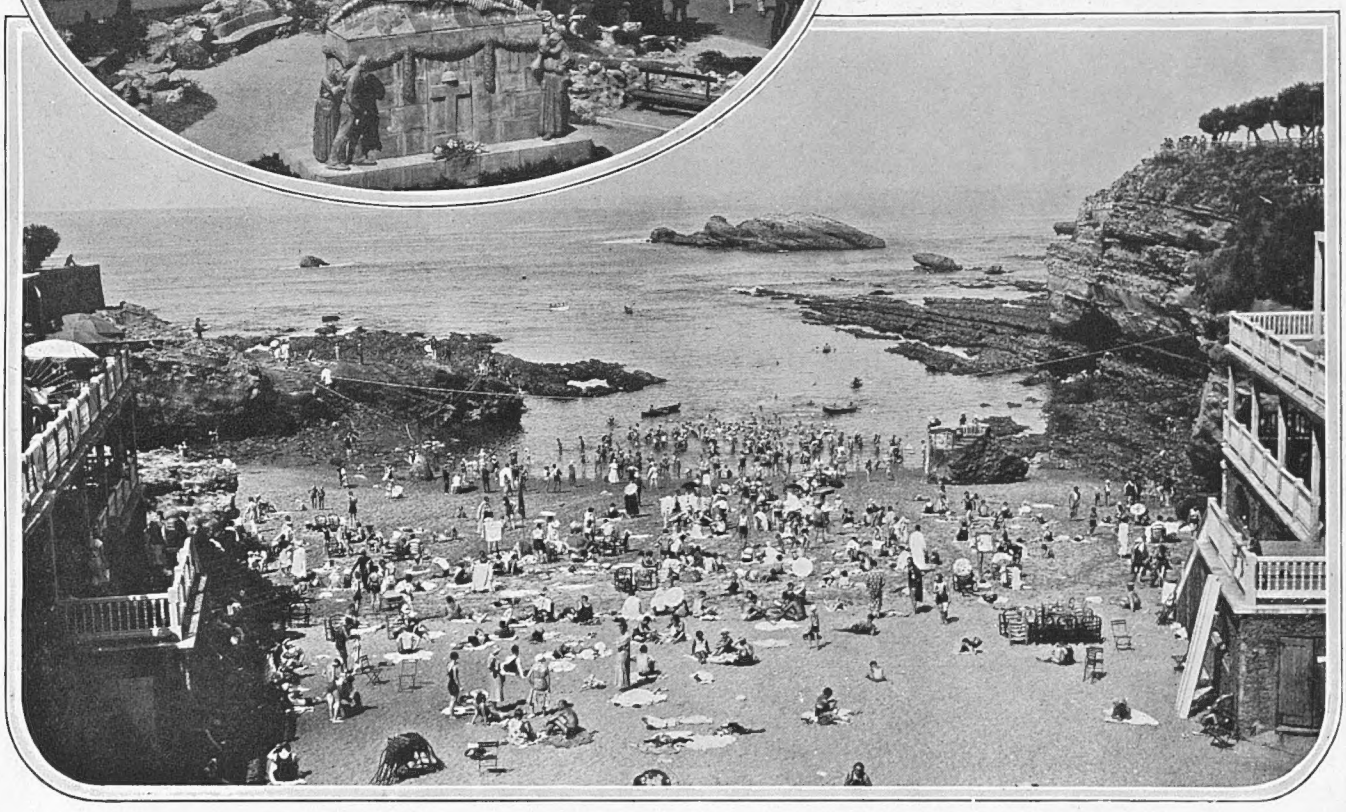
MRS. RONALD ARMSTRONG-JONES

With her little daughter, Susan. Her husband, who is the only son of Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, the famous specialist in mental disorders, is practising at the Bar

BIARRITZ: THE PARADISE OF BATHERS

The Grand Plage at Biarritz, showing the splendid stretch of sands for which the town is famous, with the Atlantic displaying its best behaviour towards the bathers. On the right is the Municipal Casino, while further round the bay the Hotel du Palais—where King Edward VII stopped—is prominent





Le Port Vieux, the children's paradise, showing the crowd bathing on the beach and the rocks which dot the bay and lend variety to the shore. Inset: Another view of the coast with the War Memorial in the foreground. In addition to the perfect bathing Biarritz is an ideal motoring centre for seeing the beautiful Basque country; there is polo and hunting in season, while there are several golf links in the near neighbourhood. The beauty of the sunsets must be seen to be believed

THE EFFORT TO SETTLE GERMANY'S DIFFICULTIES—AND THEIR OWN

Some of those who attended the Seven-Power Conference at the Foreign Office last week, when strenuous efforts were made to settle the financial crisis threatening Germany, and, indirectly, the other European powers. Included in the group are, in the front row, Mr. Mellon (America), on the left, M. Laval (France), Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stimson (America) and Mr. Arthur Henderson. Among those in the second row will be recognised M. Briand (France) and Dr. Bruening (Germany), who stands in the centre

the passing hour

THE BYSTANDER has always been a friend of France, but her adamant attitude over this German business is not, to put it mildly, helpful, and it will not lead to a recurrence of world confidence, which is what everyone, France included, is so anxiously hoping for. Of course, we all know that France does not trust Germany, and has no reason to do so. But the effect of inability to re-establish Germany's credit, if America and England cannot do so, means Herr Hitler and his Fascists coming into power, and that, as Herr Hitler has proclaimed, means a repudiation of Germany's War debts. France visualises this, and also a re-occupation of the Ruhr as a consequence, which would mean a new war, and hence her vast reserves of gold and the drain on the Bank of England. It all looks very serious, especially to ourselves, for Germany owes us 150 millions sterling, and Russia is working up trouble in India. I hear that the chiefs of the Treasury, of which Sir Warren Fisher is the head, have warned the Government that unless something is done to clean up the Dole, the Big Five among the banks will refuse to purchase Treasury Bills, and that will smash the Government. Not too cheerful or bright a prospect for poor old England to-day, is it?

SIR WARREN FISHER

One of the financial experts at the Conference. He is the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury and head of the Civil Service. It is rumoured that the Treasury chiefs are threatening to resign en bloc unless the Government effects urgent economies in regard to the Dole and other expenditures

THERE are mixed prospects for Cowes this year. The King and Queen are going to spend a week there, but it will be the week previous to the Regatta. On the other hand, the Duke and Duchess of York will be there through the meeting on the Royal Yacht, Vic-

A National Coalition Government is said to be inevitable. The man they will not have, because of his Free Trade bias, is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden, who is seen on the steps of the Foreign Office

THE FULLER-PRATT WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S

Three of the little pages, dressed in the 17th-century uniform of the Life Guards, get separated from the main body when following Sir Gerard Fuller and Lady Fiona Pratt from the church after their wedding at St. Margaret's. The splendour of the Life Guardsmen who provided the Guard of Honour proved an irresistible attraction

toria and Albert. I rather think this will be the Duchess's first visit to Cowes. Certainly her appearances there are very rare.

IN the biggest class only Britannia, which is, however, having an almost miraculous series of successes with her new rig; Shamrock: Candida (still owned by Mr. Andreae); and Astra, formerly the property of Sir Howard Frank and now owned by Mr. Hugh Paul, will compete. Lord Camrose has laid up Cambria, although his steam yacht is in commission. Lord Waring's White Heather is not competing. Nor is Mr. Paton's Lulworth.

MANY big yachts are laid up this year. Among them is the Duke of Westminster's Flying Cloud, which is coming up for sale in London on July 28. It will be interesting to see what price she fetches, for while this famous four-masted barque had an entirely new hull given her at Genoa in 1927, the Duke has taken most of the panelling out of her and sent it to Eaton Hall. He is keeping the old Cutty Sark, however.

ANOTHER big yacht which is now laid up is Mr. A. K. Macomber's Crusader. Mr. Macomber has had the Crusader for two and a half years, and she has been permanently in commission for all that time. I have seen her myself at Cowes, Deauville, and Monte Carlo. Now that she is laid up, more than eighty of her crew will be looking for another job. To compensate for this, however, Mr. Pierpont Morgan crossed the Atlantic on her in nine days, and has been hoping to beat that record this year. It was in the Crusader that he took the Archbishop of Canterbury for a cruise.

ANOTHER American yacht owner is Mr. Vincent Astor, who is now on a cruise in Norway in his lovely yacht Nourmahal. Mr. Alexander McCorquodale is also on a cruise in Northern waters. He has chartered Mr. Tommy Sopwith's yacht Mouette. Mr. Sopwith, who was only elected to the Royal Yacht Squadron last year, will not be seen at Cowes this season. He owns the most successful twelve-metre boat, Absentee. Now he is an absentee, too.

COWES had the thrill of seeing the biggest yacht in the world the other day. It belongs to an American, Mr. Julius Forstman. Over here any

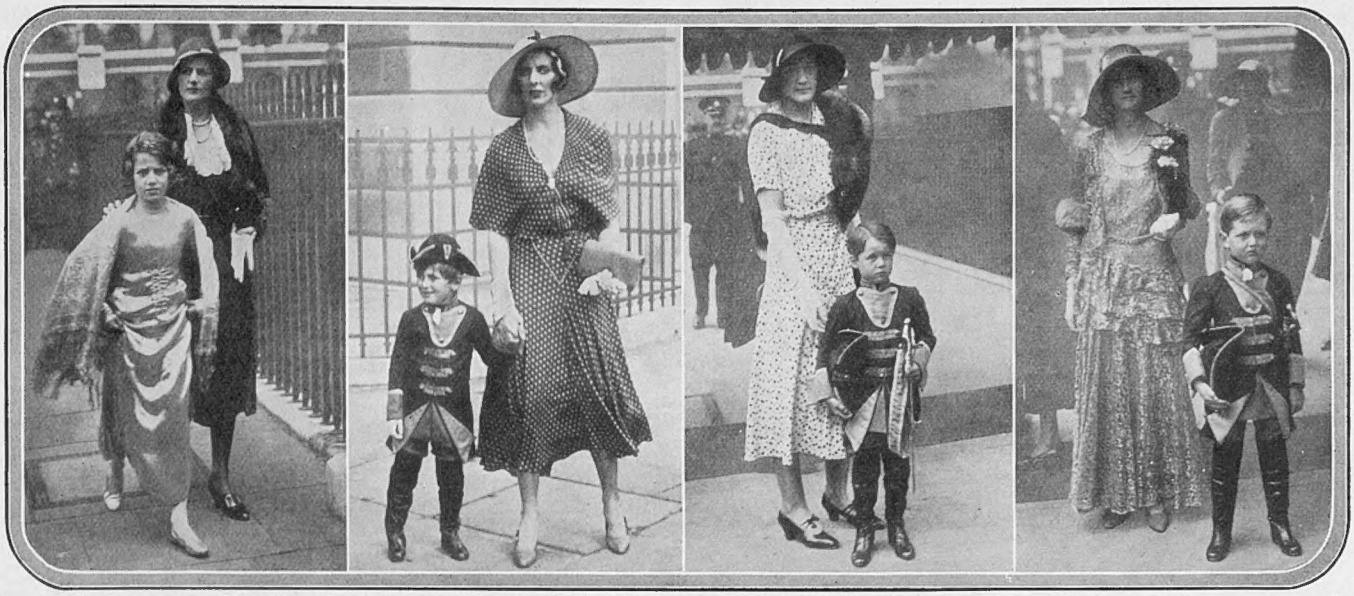
SOLDIERS THREE WHO TOOK THE WRONG TURNING

BACK TO THE RANKS

One of the bridesmaids persuades the trio of absentees to return to their place in the ranks. This unrehearsed episode provided considerable amusement after the Fuller-Pratt wedding

Sir Gerard Fuller, Bart., and his bride, Lady Fiona Pratt, the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridegroom is the second Baronet and a lieutenant in the Life Guards

AN ENGAGEMENT AND ANOTHER WEDDING



WEE ATTENDANTS AND THE MAMMAS

Some of the little people who attended Lady Fiona Pratt at her wedding to Sir Gerard Fuller at St. Margaret's last week. From left to right are seen Lady Brecknock with Lady Mary Pratt, the bride's little niece; the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt and Jeremy John, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Jenkinson with Julian, and Mrs. Mark Crighton-Maitland and David

Capt. John Ernest Miller Richard, of the Black Watch, and his bride, Miss Gaynor Woosnam, the younger daughter of the late Canon Woosnam and of Mrs. Woosnam, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Maxwell Woosnam, the famous lawn tennis International, who is a Quadruple Blue

Miss Inez Cope, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. W. F. J. McNamara. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Walter Cope and of Mrs. Walter Cope

yacht of more than 500 tons is reckoned a big one. Mr. Forstman's yacht Orion is no less than 3,500 tons. An Englishman who goes in for big yachts on, however, rather a bizarre scale, is Mr. Walter Guinness, who dabbles in Channel steamers. He has owned no fewer than three, and still has two. He used to own the old cross-Channel steamer Canterbury. He still possesses an ex-Folkestone to Boulogne steamer, which he now calls

ROYALTY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

The Duke and Duchess of York recently visited Paris to inaugurate British Week at the French Colonial Exhibition, where our pundits missed a wonderful chance by not arranging for a really representative display of buildings and exhibits. Above, the Duke, seen on the extreme right, and the Duchess are walking through an African village in the grounds, and on the right they are seen, accompanied by Marshal Lyautey, on their official tour of inspection. Paris loudly acclaimed the chic of the Duchess who, it will be noted, is wearing one of the new-fashion hats

the Arpha, as well as the Newhaven to Dieppe steamer Brighton, which is now the Roussalka. He also owns an ordinary steam yacht, the Istar, but she is laid up.

MR. ERNEST GUINNESS is an even greater supporter of Cowes, for besides his auxiliary barque Phantôme, he spends thousands of pounds on coastal motor-boats, speed-launches, and aeroplanes. He has four of these, and, while his motor-boats scurry about on the Solent underneath, he flies overhead in successive relays of aeroplanes. He will go up for twenty minutes in one, then come down, go up in another, and thus work through the whole quartette. I am told that it is a very engaging spectacle.

MEANTIME, the American yachtsmen have arrived in Cowes from their ocean race, and all of them intend competing in the various cruising races over here. The best of these is the Fastnet race from Southampton to the South of Ireland and back to Plymouth. Owing to the disturbed state of affairs in Spain, it is rather a toss-up whether the famous race from Plymouth to Santander will take place. The Trophy in past years was a gold cup presented by King Alfonso. But King Alfonso will obviously not be there to give it. After all, the Spanish king's finances—we refuse to give him an "ex-king"—are naturally prejudiced, and the King and Queen between them have an income now of only £20,000 a year, with heavy expenses and responsibilities.

TWO of the most interesting new boats at Cowes this year will be Sir William Burton's 12-metre Veronica, and Mr. Arthur Connel's Zoraida, also in this very sporting class. Altogether, it is going to be an extraordinarily piquant meeting, although neither the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron —Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley— nor the Vice-Commodore have their yachts in commission this year. Still, now that the King's Cup is open to every boat over 60 feet on the waterline, whether it is owned by a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron or not, this will be an admirable affair instead of the farce it was tending to become in the past.

AMONG the many entrants for this race is Sir Victor Warrender, who has been down at Cowes for some time. He goes down to Cowes every week-end to sail in his cutter Norada.

AIR-MARSHAL SIR GEOFFREY SALMOND

Who was recently appointed Air Defence Chief. He is the brother of Air Chief Marshal Sir John Salmond, and has held many important administrative posts in the Royal Air Force

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Among the many visitors to Cowes who, however, do not do any racing at all are Sir Alfred Beit and Mr. Peter Watson. Incidentally, I hear that Mr. Watson's brother Norman has been spending nearly £20,000 on his place near Reading. He is putting down no fewer than four covered tennis courts, and is likely to become a second Lady Wavertree as far as hospitality to leading lawn tennis stars is concerned.

I MAKE no excuse for the large amount of space I have given to Cowes. London on the whole has not had many large parties. People are still talking about the Royal Ball, however, and there seems to have been a good deal of heart-burning on the subject. Far fewer debutantes were invited than might have been expected. Also, fewer members of the Diplomatic Corps were asked than, again, might have been expected. And yet there are at least 800 of them in London, and as there were only about 700 guests, it would have been obviously impossible to invite them all.

ALTHOUGH no lists were issued of the guests, for it was treated by Buckingham Palace as a private dance and not as a Court function, it is now possible to estimate the lines on which the guests were invited. It seems that the invitations were sent out largely according to precedent. Nearly all the Dukes and their Duchesses were asked. So were nearly all the Marquesses and Marchionesses. This applied also to the premier Earls. Lord Lieutenants of Counties, as such, were not necessarily invited, although several of their sons and daughters were among the favoured ones.

Princess Hélène of Roumania and her brother, the ex-King of Greece, photographed outside her hotel off Piccadilly where she has been staying during the first part of her visit. The sympathies of Western Europe are with her in the trying times she has undergone in connection with her husband, King Carol

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

THE ZENITH followed up a smart victory over a mile at Nottingham with an impressive display at Leicester just failing to score in a pretty finish over a mile and a quarter. Came with a strong rush at the distance. Will win more races.

LIGHT O' LOVE, the Esher Cup winner, ran creditably to finish third in the Sandown Anniversary Cup (mile and a quarter) at Sandown Park. Has been consistant and will pay to follow.

BLUE DON won cleverly over a mile and five furlongs at Newbury in June and was confidently expected to score again over a similar distance at Sandown Park. Made a gallant effort but lost an exciting race by a head. Losses will be recovered.

WALDGRAVE, a "blower" order at Sandown, beat some smart two-year-olds to finish third. Has been unlucky. Follow up with confidence.

MARADANA was always with the leaders in a two-year-old sprint at Sandown and finished second. Had been placed twice previously. Although starting at a big price the filly attracted the attention of a few good judges. Worth supporting next time out.

GOODWOOD PARK opened favourite for the Surbiton Handicap Stakes (five furlongs) at Sandown, but generous odds were obtainable at the start. Finished fifth. Was fourth over seven furlongs at Epsom. Good for each way wagers in future races.

AT this stage I must give a little paragraph to the bravest young man in England. He had been invited to the Court Ball, only to fall downstairs and break his ankle at Grosvenor House. Not to be outdone, however, and realising that there had not been a Court Ball for nineteen years, and might not be repeated for another nineteen years, he went in Court dress and on crutches. Anybody who was there will tell you his name.

ONE of the chief difficulties that confronts the people that own and control race-meetings just now is the dearth of suitable people who have the time and knowledge to be race-course stewards. Most young men have to work now, and cannot be available for two or three days at a time, perhaps in the middle of the week. An ideal one is Lord Harewood, whom Lingfield is lucky enough to count among its stewards. He is most conscientious in his attendance, even though he sometimes finds that the railway carriage reserved for the stewards is full of people who are not stewards at all. Lord Harewood, if he reads this, will certainly appreciate

THE LONDON SEASON DIES HARD

the pleasant allusion to his last visit to Lingfield.

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WITH regard to racing, I am told that some little excitement has been aroused by the discovery in Court circles that an enterprising English film company took a large number of talkie shots of the Prince of Wales walking in the paddock, talking to friends, and even, it is said, making a small bet on the Tote at a recent race meeting. It will be intriguing to see whether the "shots" ever appear in the film, or whether they will be excised by request.

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LONDON'S supper clubs and restaurants are still as animated as ever, perhaps more so than usual, because of the dearth of private parties during the past few days. At the Embassy Club the other night I saw Colonel Fred Cripps, still looking a little shaken after his heavy fall the other day. Major Jack Coats, Lord and Lady Brecknock, and Lord and Lady Portarlington were others who helped to fill the room.

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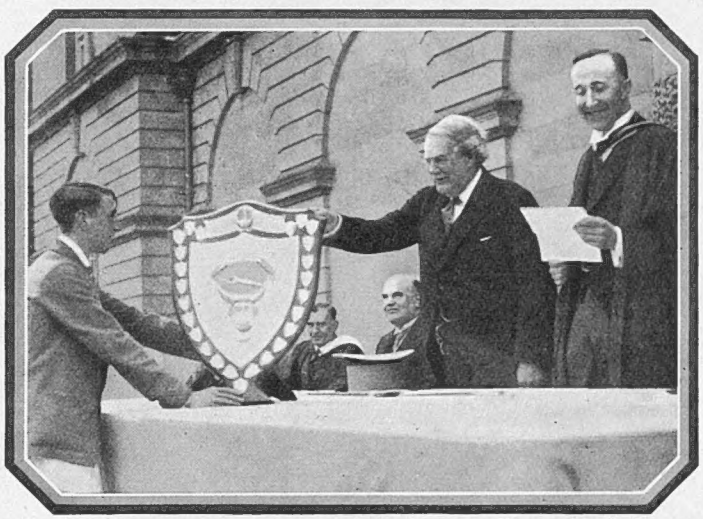
AT the Malmaison, when I visited it, there was the usual crowd of well-knowns, including Lord Churston, temporarily back from Cowes, and the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan. At the Ritz at cocktail time I encountered Lord Inverclyde and Mrs. Paul Phipps, Lady Astor's sister. She was with Major Jack Courtauld. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie Hamilton, in one of the new billycock hats which suited her dark, vital, romantic beauty very well, was surrounded by half a dozen admiring young men, and the place was so crowded that it took at least ten minutes to get a cocktail.

Miss Evelyn Laye as an ideal Madame Pompadour arriving at the stage-door of Daly's Theatre to take part in the matinée given in aid of Mrs. James White, widow of the financier who controlled the destinies of this theatre



Lord Aberconway on speech day presenting the prizes at Kinmel School, the new English public school situated in the Glwyd Valley, Denbighshire. Lord Teynham is Chairman of the Board of Governors

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ONE must not, I suppose, allow the week to pass without a reference to the crowd of small pages at Lady Fiona Pratt's wedding. It was quite an innovation, but an understandable one. Small boys are less fussy about their wedding garments than bridesmaids, whether large or small. They do not argue about their colouring, and say heatedly that the particular shade of their frock does not suit their particular style of beauty. The bridesmaid's were dressed in replicas of the bride's own wedding dress.

Chelsea for Business. Miss Phœbe Norton-Griffiths, sister of Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths, has lately taken up photography professionally, and has taken many society people. She is here seen in her Chelsea studio

Marian Lewis

Lady Eileen Orde, only daughter of the Duke of Wellington, photographed in her Chelsea studio. She is seen thinking out designs for wallpapers, on specimens of which she is at work

NEWCASTLE GETS "PAGEANTITIS"

ON APPROVAL?

A scene from the Newcastle-on-Tyne Pageant held last week. The photographer being remiss in failing to mention the precise incident which this picture illustrates, we are compelled to rely on imagination in supplying the above title

Another incident from the Newcastle-on-Tyne Pageant showing the Mayor of Newcastle handing gifts to Edward I. Ill-natured persons have suggested that the gift must have been compulsory as this was the first and last time in the history of the city that the Corporation has ever given much away

Amelduna, a girl friend of Hadrian's, welcomes that gentleman upon his arrival. Among others who took part in the Newcastle-on-Tyne Pageant were Lady Londonderry, the Countess of Carlisle and Lord Nevill

IN a booklet of a foreign resort I found the following: "Very safe, the beach is the children's paradise, whose pleasure and physical education are carefully looked after under the eyes of the parents, who can watch them from the terraces of the Casino occupying the centre of the beach." I can visualise a fond mamma leaving the tables to rush on to the terrace for a moment to see if Tommy or Violette are safe, and then flying back, hoping that her next stake will be equally safe and perhaps more profitable! Our French friends obviously know how to tempt pater and materfamilias to their seaside places.

THE very thought of seeing casinos established in some of our own seaside towns makes the great army of British killjoys and prudes splutter with indignant horror, so there is no hope of such scenes in England. Meantime our Continental friends reap the rich harvest created by commonsense and a refusal to treat adults like naughty six-year-old children.

NEXT WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" will be a

SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER

Full of the brightest pictures and prose at the usual price of ONE SHILLING

ON SALE NEXT WEDNESDAY

At the Guards' Chapel last Thursday Miss Cecilia Ellice, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ellice, of Ewhurst Manor, Shermanbury, was married to Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Bt., of the Grenadier Guards. The picture above shows the bride and bridegroom being congratulated after the ceremony

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR treble-owe-three-four. Good morning, darling. I've just been seeing all my friends off to the South of France. . . . I'm lonely and depressed in consequence . . . the only people left in London seem to be the Scotland devotees . . . who spend their time fitting on thick tweeds on the warmest afternoons . . . the Swanseas have gone to their home at Builth Wells, and the Windhams have been there, too, at their lovely house, Tyrcelyn.

* * *

I SAW Elinor Curtis, Lady Windham's daughter, the other day, looking very attractive, and she told me she was just off to fish there, taking with her two excited small daughters, who bathe daily in the river. How charming the three Kidston girls are . . . Nancy Darnley is a great golfer. . . . Audrey Bellville is a wonderful horsewoman . . . and Elinor has three adorable babies and is a keen fisherwoman. . . .

* * *

WHAT a lot of weddings have taken place this last week! Quite the most handsome person at the Fuller-Pratt wedding, contrary to tradition, was the bridegroom. . . . I didn't like Fiona's grey veil much, but I loved her head-dress. Quite the most sensational bowler was worn by Lady Hamond-Græme . . . it was royal blue with a huge feather. . . . Nan Darrel had a handsome bridegroom, too . . . and at the reception her background of gladioli caused almost as much comment as her apparently unlimited presents.

* * *

I MET Babe Bosdari late last Wednesday evening, just back from a most amusing cocktail party at Duncan Grant's studio. She wore an entrancing bowler like a white paper boat. . . . Duncan Grant is a brilliant young painter, and his friend, George Bergen, who gave the party with him, also shows great promise. . . .

* * *

QUITE the smartest man in the House of Commons is Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell . . . he is also exceedingly good-looking . . . he has a lovely house in Belgrave Square and a still more delightful country house near Evesham . . . Dumbleton Hall . . . I needn't tell you that Sir Bolton is always known as "Bobbie."

* * *

I MUST say I sympathised with the well-known man who refused a table at one of our latest fashionable restaurants the other night because on one side there was a party of Siamese and on the other side a coal-black negress was having supper with a white boy friend. Incidentally, she was very smart in a white dress and a short coat bordered with monkey fur. . . .

* * *

HOW I hate bad-tempered women! But I was quite sorry for a very lovely young thing who had a new catch taken away from her by her dearest friend for a dance lasting quite half-an-hour that same evening. . . .

* * *

LUCKILY, I'm thin, but my young men are telling me that the latest slimming craze is to eat fruit and nothing else . . . they are praying that the vogue will not last into the winter . . . when forced fruit is a prohibitive price. . . .

* * *

WHEN I was looking at Prince George sitting between Molly Dalkeith and Diana Westmorland, I couldn't help remarking how alike those two lovely women are . . . I personally admire Molly the more. . . .

* * *

TONY PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE kept the news of his engagement to Anita Costiandor quiet until his sister Helen was married . . . in fact, the anouncement was beside a description of her wedding the following day. . . .

* * *

WHY do some of the most attractive of the younger set spoil their appearance by walking badly? They seem to bend forward from the waist . . . if only some of the young things would take lessons from the deportment of the Dowager Lady Airlie . . . or even more from the Queen herself. . . . They afford a perfect lesson in carriage. . .

* * *

DARLING, instead of giving lectures I am now off to receive one from my doctor . . . the brute has cut me down to ten cigarettes a day and only one cocktail! . . . needless to say, I ignore him! Bless you, my poppet . . . adieu. . . .

BY E. T. REED

IF GANDHI CAME TO TOWN

A deputation from Savile Row, Bond Street and Regent Street waits upon the "Mahatma" at his roof-garden retreat to inform him that "in the interests of the trade he might consider the advisability of wearing, say, at least a thin vest." They "trust that this will not put too great a strain on his conscientious scruples"

AT THE PLAY

MATRIMONY À LA MODE

Barbara Olwell (Ursula Jeans), the bride who speaks plaintively of neglect, and Hester (Marie Mackie), who speaks with a Scottish accent, even in America

"Apron Strings," at the Vaudeville

REGARDLESS of the fact that our Mr. Harris Deans has had a play called *Apron Strings* produced, this title has been annexed by an American playwright, Dorrance Davis, in a comedy recently produced at the Vaudeville Theatre. The resemblance, however, ends at the title, for this new play is distinctly warmer in tone than the earlier one of the same name.

THE latest *Apron Strings* is more of a farce than a comedy, for it is hard to believe that any normal girl like Barbara Olwell would ever fall in love with such a fish as Daniel Curtis, a young man who fashions his conduct in life from posthumous letters of his mamma, who, when alive, was the famous journalist, Pansy Pomeroy, whose advice on love and behaviour, published in the newspapers, was full of the most moral uplift.

ACTING on his late mother's suggestion, he seeks the consent of Barbara's parents before ratifying his engagement to their daughter. Having secured their consent—for Daniel possesses a tidy private fortune—he then proceeds to ask his future in-laws some very frank questions; one is if his fiancée has any practical knowledge of sex matters. To which Mrs. Olwell equally frankly replies that her daughter is a modern girl and therefore full of biological information astounding in its scope, and that the works of Freud and Havelock Ellis are not sealed books to her; which, of course, is extremely satisfactory.

BUT, as I mentioned previously, Daniel is a fish and takes quite seriously his mother's admonition that a bride should be treated with the utmost respect. Indeed, so respectful is he after his marriage that an amazed and indignant wife three weeks later returns to her parents. Naturally, they ask why, and, with a frankness indigenous to the modern stage, she reveals her grievance.

THE fish, returning to the house of his father-in-law to discover if his flighty wife, so to speak, has sought sanctuary there, meets his trustee, Ezra Hunniwell, a criminal lawyer who has doled out one by one Pansy Pomeroy's letters to her son. Sick of the whole business, in a moment of irritation Hunniwell sends a whole bag-full to the bridegroom's flat and promptly instigates one of his burglar clients to steal the lot!

HAVING thus squelched mother's influence, he proceeds to make the fish, who, naturally, only drank water, acquainted with whisky undiluted, and we are left to infer from the spirited kiss Daniel implants on his wife's lips that she will return home with a husband completely cured of treating a young wife with the utmost respect.

THIS farce has an excellent first act, mainly due, I think, to the big part taken in it by Henrietta Watson as the mother. I have never seen this clever actress give a better

Ezra Hunniwell (Joseph Coyne) put so much "spirit" into the part of a breezy lawyer that the other characters were almost blown into the wings. It was he who proved the deus ex machina by investing a shy bridegroom with Dutch courage aided by American "hooch"

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "APRON STRINGS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

John Olwell (Arthur Finn) kicks himself with joy at the downfall of the "master" of the house, which Mrs. Olwell (Henrietta Watson) believes herself to be. On the right is Daniel Curtis (Kenneth Kove), whose indiscreet questions cause his future mother-in-law a certain amount of embarrassment, which she passes off with a pleasantry

performance. I am sure she gives more character to the part than the author ever put in it. Kenneth Kove is the fish bridegroom. He looks the part and plays it effectively in piscine fashion. Joseph Coyne as the criminal lawyer is amusing throughout, and Arthur Finn gets many laughs out of the father of the bride in this extremely moral and elevating play.

"The Fountain of Youth," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

MR. W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON is not a prolific author, for no play by him has been seen in London since 1908, when Sir Herbert Tree produced his *Pinkie and the Fairies* at His Majesty's Theatre. At far too long an interval he has at last given us something else to enjoy, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, this time, where Sir Nigel Playfair presents his *The Fountain of Youth*, which plays with any amount of sparkle.

THIS fountain is a magic one which puts to shame any beauty parlour in rejuvenation. The only snag is that the fountain does not know when those who drink at its source have had enough of a good thing, and when the elderly Farmer Dalebrook and his wife, previously happy, found themselves aged seventeen and quarrelling like cat and dog—not the jolly dog in the play who becomes a puppy after imbibing—they, in desperation, go on drinking and become babies-in-arms, and it is only kidnapping which restores them to sanity and hale old age.

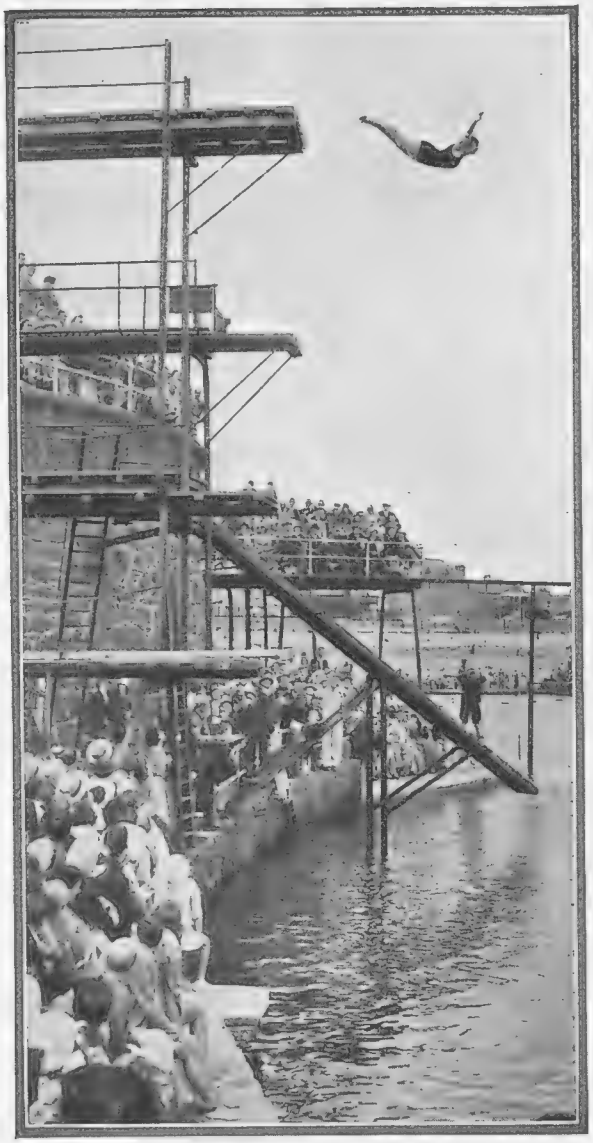
JOINED up with this fantasy is the story of the conversion of the farm into a health resort with a casino, with which a millionaire has much to do, and the whole affair is told with such high spirits and sense of fun that it marks good entertainment throughout; entertainment which is greatly increased by some very pleasant music by Mr. Alfred Reynolds.

NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE, Margery Hicklin, Scott Russell and Percy Heming strike just the right note in the playing of this little piece, which some people may label Gilbertian. But there is this difference between Mr. Graham Robertson and the deceased dramatist. The former does *not* jeer at old age and make infirmity a subject for mirth. This is just the show for a summer's evening and should not be missed.

V. W.

Where's that wife? Wonderful effect of alcohol on Daniel Curtis (Kenneth Kove) supplied by Ezra Hunniwell (Joseph Coyne)

OUR BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE



Miss Doris Leach, who won the Amateur Diving Championship of Great Britain last year, giving a demonstration at the first gala of the season at the Jersey swimming pool. She is executing a swallow dive from the 35 ft. stage

Two members of the "Stand Up and Sing" company at the Hippodrome, who played against West Horsley, going in to bat. They naturally hoped for a successful "run"

MUD-DLED MOMENTS

Two of the Gravesend girls' team, which has been formed to play the men's mud football team, come to grief during practice. The match is played on the mud banks which appear off Gravesend Pier at low tide

Miss Iaa Croxon has a little difficulty in persuading her mount, Starlight, that it is not a shooting star. She is seen in the saddle at the Uxbridge Horse Show

BY STARR WOOD

"I thought you was going to marry that little woman that keeps 'The Goat!'"
"I did ask 'er, but she says she can't keep two"

if Sossips we must—

By George Hickson

THE SINGING PILOT

George Seversky, who sings Russian and French songs at Chez Quaglino with true Slavonic pathos. During the War he was an "ace" in the Imperial Russian Air Corps

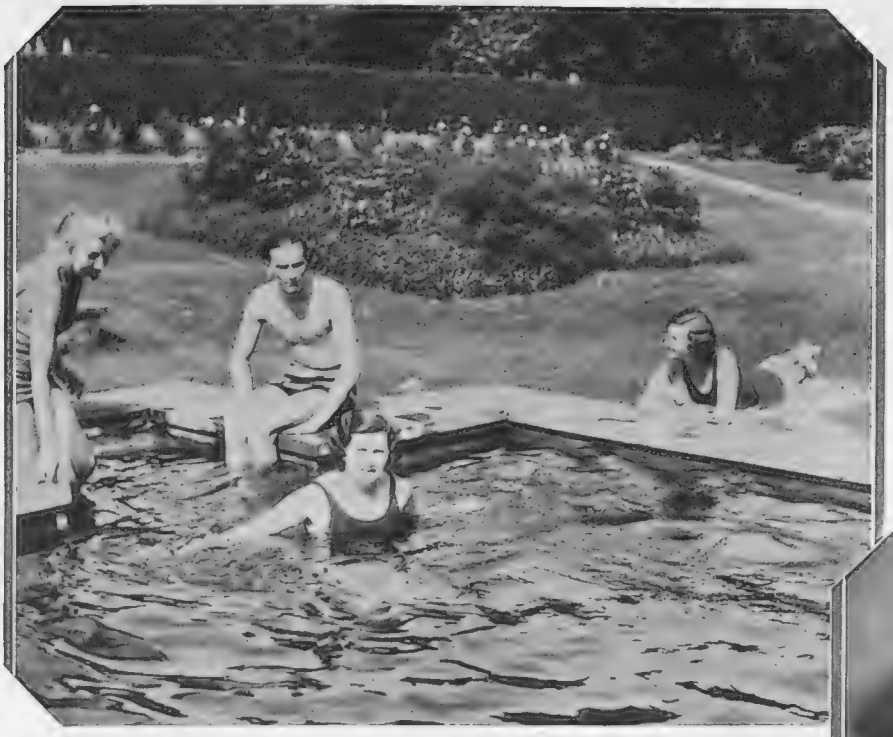
Mr. Bert Thomas, the well-known black and white artist, in the grounds of his country cottage with his two children and their pony, Nippy. Nippy was ridden by Steve Donoghue in the recent Pinner Derby and was leading the field when a policeman impeded her progress, and the constable proved so large that by the time she had successfully skirted him she could do no more than finish second

At last Mr. Baldwin has spoken on the subject of Protection. That, at any rate, is something. We were getting uncommonly tired of the open, honest pipe-smoker who said nothing, and led after the fashion of the Duke of Plaza-Toro. The Conservative leader has, at Hull, definitely committed his party to a tariff (with far fewer "ifs" and "buts" and "provided thats" than usual), and with it has suggested a permanent non-political Tariff Commission, to be composed of men of standing who enjoy the public confidence.

HERE, I fancy, is snag Number 1. For, apart from the fact that men of standing do not nowadays enjoy the public confidence any more than men who might enjoy the public confidence have any standing, a non-political Tariff Commission is something perilously near a contradiction in terms. There is nothing, except religion, that is such a subject for desperate conflict in the political field as Protection. That one party is likely to sponsor it is quite sufficient to make the opposite party attack it violently, whatever their private opinions on the matter may happen to be. A considerable number of Socialists, particularly those of a strong trades union flavour, are actual or potential Tariff Reformers They are just about as likely to support Protection openly as to support a measure to increase the power and privileges of the House of Lords. How, then, is the non-political Tariff Commission to come into being at all? That, if it does, it will take all the weight from the Free Traders' argument that political corruption is inseparable from Protection is perfectly true. But that is rather a case of putting the cart before the horse.

A COALITION Government could never run a tariff. That is not altogether bad news, for Coalitions are detestable things, anyway. There has been a suggestion that a Coalition could help us out of our financial and industrial quandary. It would only plunge us deeper into it, though I stick to my point in a recent article

"Now, my poor man, on which side of yo



A corner of the grounds of Major J. B. Paget's lovely home at Roehampton showing the open-air swimming pool. Mrs. Paget is seen on the left, in the centre are Mr. and Miss Darell, the son and daughter of Brigadier-General W. H. V. Darell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and on the right is Miss Winnie Paget

that no single party could tackle the dole abuses and survive, owing to the scandal of representation without taxation, with its natural corollary of vote buying. And between a Coalition Government and a non-political commission on so important a subject as tariffs there is no great gulf fixed.

S

No, if Protection is to come (and goodness knows what will come if it doesn't) the Conservative party must win the game off its own bat. If only Mr. Baldwin, unlike the late lamented Mr. Dombey, will continue to make an effort the Conservatives will come in at the next election, and all may yet be well.

S

A Socialist M.P. has come out with the bright suggestion that, since congestion in the London streets is (in his opinion) caused solely by private cars, private cars should not be allowed to use them. In the first place, such congestion is not primarily caused by private cars, but by vast public conveyances—motor 'buses and charabancs — which lumber along, half-empty, during the rush hours. Railway horse vans, labelled, with grim irony, "Express," and proceeding at a walk, also have a big hand in the muddle.

S

But that those whose cars are taxed at an extortionate rate, and who pay the bulk of other taxation in addition, should be barred altogether from the amenities to which they contribute far more than their share in order to support is so typical of the mentality of your true Socialist, who always has a bit of class-prejudice tucked up his sleeve whenever he opens his mouth, that it is worth recording in the grey skies of the holiday season.

S

To those dashing noblemen, Lord Passfield and Lord Parmoor, the Socialist Party appear to have added another noble idol—Lord Byron. The poet, that is to say, and not the worthy parson who to-day owns the title and a place in Essex. Although Byron had about as little in common with M. Venizelos, beyond the connection of both with Greece, as he had with Charles Wesley, M. Venizelos has trotted up to Newstead Abbey for some celebration or other, has been entertained by Sir Harold Bowden, and has had all sorts of fun.

By Bertram Prance

would you like us to leave you?"

Jeanne Stuart, who takes the part of a vamp in the new Langham film, "A Safe Affair" now being made She is also playing in "After All" at the Criterion Theatre

MEANWHILE the Socialist organ has worked itself up into a Byronic choler about the way Byron was treated by his own countrymen. Taking a momentary rest from building up a New England, the *Daily Herald* assumed that peculiar smugness it reserves for literary occasions, and discussed the exclusion of a monument to Byron in Westminster Abbey. This was due, it declares, to the fact that Byron championed down-trodden minorities. It was not due to anything of the sort.

THE *D.H.* scribe, if he is not an ignorant gump, knows perfectly well why Westminster Abbey will not have anything to do with Byron, and if I were not unwilling to rake up the muck of more than a century ago, I would remind him of that reason. But even poor dead Byron must be used as a stick with which to beat the Tories.

BYRON had as much right as most of the originals of the stone hideosities in the "National Valhalla" thus to be represented, and far more than some. What should be done, however, is not to add to the number of statues in Westminster Abbey, but to lessen it to vanishing point. With August upon us, and visitors flocking to the Abbey, the scandal of making the beautiful old building look like a bargain basement sale at a sculptor's, or one of those stonemason's yards in the Euston Road, is all the more apparent.

MANY a time have I accompanied foreigners on their first visit of inspection to the Abbey, and have seen them gasp with horror, and then smile, at that battalion of dead-and-gone celebrities (with its large admixture of dead-and-gone nonentities). The beauty of the place is utterly spoiled, and I can only imagine that the statues are crammed together in that way so that one laugh can do for the lot. There is no other excuse.

By Stan Terry

EDITOR: "This drawing's no good, but I'll give you half a guinea for the joke"
DILETTANTE: "Well, I rather thought of writing a musical comedy round the joke!"

I BELIEVE that the Dean, Dr. Foxley-Norris, is in favour of a weeding out. That is not enough. It should be a case of "sack the lot." If we must have a "National Valhalla"—which seems to me a Teutonic, rather than an English, characteristic—let a secular building be put up somewhere; or let those statues be dumped in the middle of Salisbury Plain, as companions to Stonehenge, with a nice high wall round them. On second thoughts, why go to the expense of a wall? As the old farmer-churchwarden said when there was a question of repairing the wall of the village churchyard, "Them as is outside don't want to go in, and them as is inside can't get out. So save the money!"

SIR ALFRED BUTT—I thought he would not keep out of theatrical management for long, and I welcome his return to a job where for the moment commonsense seems to be sadly lacking—has sounded what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's followers would term "a clarion call" over the matter of the Sunday opening of theatres. It is amazing that anyone should disagree with his argument that the Americanised cinema-octopus is crushing the life out of the British theatre, not because there is not plenty of vitality and

Molly Johnson, who is playing in "Late Night Final," the drama of American newspaper life, at the Phœnix Theatre. She takes the part of the imperturbable telephone operator

Janet Jevons

"... ET DONA FERENTES"

Francis Lederer, the young actor who is playing lead in "Autumn Crocus," is constantly receiving gifts of food from feminine admirers who imagine he is delicate and needs nourishing :

"YOU look wan, Francis Lederer," muttered the dame,
"And I'm sure that you need some square meals,
Pray allow me to send you along some fresh game,
Meat patties and nice jellied eels."

"I know you mean kindly," young Francis replied,
"But please don't so put yourself out,
I could not consume all that food if I tried—
And I shan't try, there's not the least doubt!"

"You are thin," said the dame, "as I mentioned before
And you've not got one ounce of good fat,
Yet my kindly-meant offer you treat as a bore.
Pray, what is the meaning of that?"

"Though my part may be 'fat,'" said the youth with a sigh,
"My figure must still remain slight,
And if I want cookies, or bakemeats or pie
I'll buy them myself quite all right."

"But I'm sure your strength's failing," the dame cried in woe,
"So why you persist you don't need
A present of blood-building food, I don't know,
It seems very stupid indeed!"

"The reason is obvious," Francis then said,
"And although you mayn't like it, it's true,
So just get this fixed in your silly old head :
I'm fed up already—with you!" *B. W*

Sheriff J. D. Dall and Lord Kingsborough with their two gillies after a very successful day's salmon fishing at Upper Blackhall. They landed twenty-five salmon of weights ranging from 7 lb. to 14 lb

The latest river sport is surfboard riding on a self-propelled "board." The above photograph, taken at the Welsh Harp, shows one of the new water scooters fitted with an outboard motor-boat engine and capable of a speed of 40 m.p.h.

By Boast

HIKER : "Is there any place near here where I could get lodgings for the night?"

TRAMP : "There's a work'ouse two mile further on, but I don't know as 'ow they takes amatchoors!"

merit about the British theatre, but because the odds are so hopelessly against it in its fight. It is still more amazing that there are people inside the theatrical profession itself who are not in favour of just treatment being given to the theatre in the form of permission for it to open on Sundays, when, at present, the films scoop all the profits and enjoy a grossly unfair monopoly.

S

THIS protest has been made again and again. If I am, for once in a way, treading over stale ground, I am quite unrepentant, for the protest cannot be made too often.

FILM NOTES

THE PERILS OF PUBLICITY — By Lionel Collier

THIRD PARTY RISKS

Madeleine Carroll as a vamp, à la Marlene Dietrich, in the new British film, "Fascination," learns that her love affair with a married man has received a severe check. Kay Hammond, as a sophisticated gold-digger, rallies round with worldly sympathy

WHERE we used to welcome to our shores a king, a queen, or some celebrity who had done something remarkable in exploration, science or literature, we now go mad at the approach of a movie star—much more mad than people did at the first approach of Haley's Comet. I do not somehow think it is altogether the fault of the fanaticism of the particular star's public; it is due in great part to the publicity riot that precedes, accompanies, and finally ushers out these great ones of the earth, whose salaries are certainly commensurate with the amount of adoration they receive, even if it is not always noticeably in keeping with their talent.

THIS is the time of year when Hollywood sends its film royalty for a "quiet holiday" to this country. Have you noticed, by the way, how every one of these visitors loudly proclaims the fact that it is peace and quiet they want. They do not wish to be interviewed, lionised and publicised. And the more insistently they insist on this fact the more columns the Press devotes to their daily doings, their likes, their dislikes, their beauty hints and views on love, marriage and divorce.

Lillian Roth, the attractive little American star, whose recent visit to this country evoked no hectic publicity

ONE man, I am convinced, did come over here to seek a little quiet rest, and that was Ronald Colman. But then he was coming home, and he wanted it to be home-like. But even then some sleuth of a reporter followed him to his lair, I am told, and forced his way into his kitchen to obtain a world-shaking interview.

GEORGE ARLISS, too, comes in the category of those who came home primarily for a rest. But his talent needs no peppy publicity to remind people that he is still a star.

PERSONALLY, I do not think that these highly publicised circus tours of prominent American stars do the amount of good in the way of increasing the particular star's popularity they are supposed to do. In fact, it would be truer to say the reverse is the case; they may do a considerable amount of harm.

IN the first place, glamour is a very meritricious thing. Glamour as portrayed by the camera—which is a notorious perverter of the holy truth—may be overwhelming. But when we see the subject of its enchantment in the flesh we are quite likely to be wholesomely disillusioned. The studio make-up man is an artist of paramount importance—in the studio. When his chef d'œuvre escapes from the arc lights into the sunlight, however, we may realise, even more fully, what an artist he is. Lines have a nasty habit of showing up; a slightly bent nose or a tendency to muddy complexion, in spite of the beauty parlour's efforts, does not like sunlight.

SECONDLY, we can always have too much of a good, or even an indifferent, thing. You remember, perhaps, Tom Mix's triumphal entry into England, complete with white horse, white gloves, and an outsize in Stetsons—also white. He rode up to the Mansion House and was welcomed by the Lord Mayor. Well, I think people thought that that was carrying things a little too far. However, it may be we do not hear nearly so much of Tom Mix these days.

THE Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance, sky-rocketed into all sorts of society and were lionised extravagantly. They even took a girl back whom it was announced that they would make into a star. The star-making process came to nothing. I am not saying it was the Talmadges' fault; it was all probably due to an over-zealous publicity campaign. In fact, it is safe to assume that the stars in most cases have much more sense than their publicity agents, who, in turn, have to try and justify their existence.

NORMA TALMADGE has been very much eclipsed since the talkies came, and frankly, I do not think it is due so much to her voice and lack of stage experience as to an overdose of publicity. She can be seen now in

Norma Talmadge with Conrad Nagel in her latest talkie, "Du Barry—Woman of Passion." In the days of silent films more fulsome rubbish was written about her than about any other star

Mary Pickford and Reginald Denny in her latest film, "Kiki." Although she now plays very different parts to those which made her the "World's Sweetheart," the publicity accorded her is still almost regal, as befits Hollywood's social leader

Maurice Chevalier, whose latest film, "The Laughing Lieutenant," is now showing at the Carlton. He has had great difficulty in living down the hysterical publicity thrust upon him when he appeared on the London stage some months ago

"Du Barry—Woman of Passion." It is a travesty of the great French courtesan's life put over with all the flamboyance of Hollywood.

MAURICE CHEVALIER was boosted until it hurt to open the paper. And yet his stage tour was not so triumphant as one would have thought. People will believe a good deal and suffer a great deal for the sake of their idol, but it is wrong to assume with Oscar Wilde that "nothing succeeds like excess." Chevalier's new picture, "The Smiling Lieutenant," will be on at the Carlton by the time these lines appear, and it will be interesting to see what effect that saturated solution of adulation has had on his public.

To my mind star publicity has gone mad. In America it is raving lunacy, and the only effect I can observe on the public is one that leads from astonishment to nausea. Mary Pickford is the only American star who seems to have left her publicity really sane in its outlook. Admittedly, there has been a lot of it, but Mary carries off the situation as befits Hollywood's social leader. L. C.

The Hand that Rocks the Cradle . . .

The scene is a bijou house in the vicinity of Smith Square, Westminster, within the shadow of Big Ben. Mrs. Overturn, the wife of the Liberal M.P. for Chequers East, is seated writing a letter. It is eight o'clock in the evening.

She (*writing*): " . . . . At the moment things look pretty bad. An election at any moment, and heaven knows what will happen to us then. The town house will have to go, no holiday at Dinard, just imprisonment in the country, and you know how I love that! (*The front door is heard to close and steps ascend the stairs. Her husband, M.P. for Chequers East, enters. She turns to greet him. He kisses her remotely on the cheek.*)

She: Well?

He: Pretty bad.

She: Not—not defeated?

He: The vote's not till to-night. But the Government say definitely they'll go out on this if they're beaten. There was a party meeting this afternoon. Ll. G. was in magnificent form.

She: He always is in a crisis. You know, if he had gone into the Church instead of the State, Christian Science would have looked to Canterbury as their spiritual head, or the Vatican would have moved to Holland Park. I'm not quite sure which. Anyway, is he for or against the Government?

A Maid (*entering*): Dinner is served, Madam. (*They follow her downstairs.*)

He: He's for the Government, and moving heaven and hell to get them to accept our amendment.

She: And the rest?

He: It looks like an even split. Those who feel the country is best served by avoiding a General Election now, and——

She: You are for the country, of course?

He (*crumbling his bread nervously*): I don't know.

She (*dropping her soup spoon with a clatter*): You—you—— (*controlling herself.*) Oh! Is that wise, Ernest?

He: I can't afford to jeopardise my future by any longer keeping the Government in.

She: Can't you abstain or pair, or do one of those little tricks? And will your vote make all the difference?

He: Possibly not, but there are about half a dozen who will probably do as I do.

She: You—then everything depends on you?

He: I wouldn't say that, but every single vote counts in a critical motion like this.

She: I don't know whether you're strong enough to fight an election now. It's been a tiring session. You're worn out. I am, too. I haven't been opening bazaars twice a week for the past three months and speaking till I was hoarse without feeling it. We've neither the health nor the wealth to afford an election. I think you ought to take that into account, Ernest. If you don't take a holiday—going abroad, I mean, not just staying in the country—you'll have a breakdown.

He: Do you really think that? Yes, I suppose I ought to be careful. Of course, I don't want an election, but in all conscience the Government have gone too far this time.

She: I thought they'd gone too far over the Land Tax. You managed to reconcile your conscience then all right?

He: This is different. You don't understand.

She: It's always different. (*Her voice rises.*) Sometimes I feel sick of your politics and wish you were just human. Last year we were going to have a baby, and then you said the Government might go out and we couldn't afford it. We were going to have a decent motor car, and the Government stopped that. And now, when I'm almost walking naked through the streets and haven't a decent hat to my name, you're going to let your conscience get the better of you. Well, you've made a mistake. This time I'm making no sacrifices. If you put the Government out, I go out, too.

He: I mustn't let such things sway me, Muriel.

She: Of course not; but from the country's point of view do you think you're right to provoke an election? If we have to leave London we have to close the house and dismiss the servants. It's very little, I know, but every little tends to aggravate the depression.

He: That's true.

She: If you'll only wait a little, Ernest. I'm sure there'll be lots of other opportunities. But if you'll only wait till we've saved up enough for an election, say, in the autumn, or next spring.

He: You really think that? You mean if we saved we could afford an election in a few months. I could vote against the Government—well, in December.

She: Yes, except that you wouldn't like to miss your winter sports.

He: No, no, perhaps not. Well, January, then, or early February. That would be all right. I really think there's a lot in what you say, Muriel. It's no use plunging the country needlessly into the expense and turmoil of an election. I see your point. By January things will be better, or February.

She: Of course they will.

He (*getting up*): Don't wait up for me. I may be late.

She: I shall. And—and you will vote for—for the country?

He: I think you may be reasonably certain I shall do what I feel right, dear. (*He kisses her perfunctorily and goes. She resumes her letter.*)

She (*writing*): P.S.—I hope, Mother, by the time you get this the situation will be easier. Ernest feels that the country must not be pushed into an election just now.

(*Several hours pass. Mrs. Overturn is awakened by the telephone.*)

Yes, yes, Ernest! Government saved! A majority of seven. Darling, how wonderful of you! Richard Viner.

READING BETWEEN THE CLIMBS

A rest during an excursion in the wilds of the Zuurberg Mountains affords a good opportunity to study The Bystander. *This part of the country is probably wild because it does not see* The Bystander *regularly*

OUR PLACE IN THE SUN

After a dip in the sea at Madeira what better than a dip into The Bystander? *Both are equally sparkling, but, unlike the sea, we are never too deep for words!*

BY BEVAN PETMAN

"SEZ YOU!"

THE BOWLER, THE BOATER AND THE

It is in this manner that the Parisienne wears the modish bowler carried out in velour and trimmed with semi-clipped ostrich feathers. Model Mado

PARISIENNES are wearing many versions of the bowler, the boater, and the tricorne. When they were revived a few weeks ago they were literally smothered with ostrich plumes; now they have been robbed of all bizarre notes and have taken unto themselves an almost tailored aspect. Some of the bowlers carried out in velvet and felt are worn at a more acute angle than the model portrayed, and a single appliquéd breast plumage or ribbon motif is substituted for the ostrich plume. The boater is more difficult to wear than the bowler; sometimes half the head is left uncovered, a lattice-work of ribbon is introduced on the right, whose mission in life is to prevent the hat falling off. In the near future this type of headgear will be made not only of straw but of felt, velvet and velour. A third revival is the tricorne, the centre point must appear above the left eye. When in velvet a toll is levied on bird of paradise plumage for its adornment. As soon as the autumn arrives hats will be in harmony with the fur of the collar and not the fabricating medium of the coat.

LIKE Josephine's milliner, modern creators of headgear are ransacking history in order to discover something different, their motto being: The older the hat the newer the mode. Ostrich feathers have returned to favour.

A camouflaged bandeau lightly lifts this felt hat from the head and a cluster of coque's feathers add to its charm. There is no attempt to conceal the forehead Model Molyneux

TRICORNE HAVE COME TO TOWN

Parisiennes have a flair for adjusting a hat at just the correct angle. The straw boater worn like this one is ravissante. Satin ribbon holds this chef d'œuvre in position. Model Agnès

SUMMER at GRANVILLE: A SPORTSMAN'

An impression of the plage at Granville, one of the cheeriest and most complete holiday resorts on the coast of Normandy. finest seaside courses in France, excellent lawn tennis courts, and magnificent sea bathing all help to make it an ideal pla left is seen the Normandy Golf Hotel, which comma

BY HOUGHTON

AN'S PARADISE on the NORMANDY COAST

nandy, where an old-world atmosphere subtly blends with the thrills and charms of modern society life, and golf on one of the eal place for sports lovers of both sexes. The turreted building in the foreground is that of the cheery casino, and on the commands a wonderful view across the picturesque bay

POPULAR STARS IN

Yvonne Arnaud as the Chère Amie of a King visiting America on business in "The Improper Duchess" at the Globe

Diana Wynyard and Leslie in Ronald Jean's comedy, "Lean

Winifred Shotter as Rose Adair in "Turkey Time" at the Aldwych, where she appears with Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn in Ben Travers' funny farce

Above: Leslie Henson in "It's a Boy" at the Strand, in his latest "creation" purchased in Paris

On the left: Cicely Courtneidge, the life and soul of the revue "Folly to be Wise" at the Piccadilly

Jess Oakroyd (Edward Chap "The Good Companions" at salesman in the fair at

LONDON SUCCESSES

Banks as wife and husband Harvest," at the St. Martin's

Jack Buchanan as Jack Buchanan, though called on the programme Rockingham Smith, in the musical comedy "Stand Up and Sing" at the London Hippodrome

Cedric Hardwicke as Edward Moulton-Barrett, one of the finest performances to be seen in London, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" at the Queen's

nan), the principal figure in His Majesty's, helping as a Ribsden, is seen on the right

Maisie Gay as a general factotum in Edgar Wallace's "Old Man" at Wyndham's. Her acting is as polished as the glass she holds

I always smoke

Player's Please

25 *for* 1/3

THOSE WHO DELIGHT IN THE OPEN AIR ARE ATTRACTED BY THE COOL SWEET FRAGRANCE OF PLAYER'S

NCC33

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

NOTHING HURTS FOR LONG

by DAPHNE DU MAURIER

She had the window flung open as she dressed. The morning was cold, but she liked to feel the sharp air on her face, stinging her, running like little waves over her body; and she slapped herself, the colour coming into her skin, the nerves tingling. She sang, too, as she dressed. She sang when she took her bath, her voice seeming rich and powerful as the water fell and the steam rose, and later, before the open window, she bent and swayed, touching her toes with her fingers, stretching her arms above her head.

She permitted herself the luxury of fresh linen. Conscious of extravagance, she drew the neat pleated little pile, straight from the laundry, out of the drawer beneath her dressing table.

Her green dress was back from the cleaner's. It looked as good as new and the length was quite right, although she had worn it last winter as well. She cut the disfiguring tabs from the collar, and sprayed the dress with scent to take away the smell of the cleaner's.

She felt new all over. From her head to her shoes, and the body beneath her clothes was warm and happy. Her hair had been washed and set the day before, brushed behind her ears without a parting, like the actress she admired.

She could imagine his face as he stared at her, his funny smile that ran from one ear to the corner of his mouth, and his eyebrow cocked, then his eyes half-closing and holding out his arms—"Darling, you look marvellous—marvellous." When she thought about it she felt a queer pain in her heart because it was too much. . . . She stood before the window a moment, smiling, breathing deeply, and then she ran down the stairs singing at the top of her voice, the sound of her song taken up by the canary in his cage in the drawing room. She whistled to him, laughing, giving him his morning lump of sugar, and he hopped from side to side on his perch, his eyes beady, his tiny head fluffy and absurd after his bath. "My sweet," she said, 'my sweet," and pulled the curtain so that the sun could get to him.

She glanced round the room, smiling, her finger on her lip. She pummelled at an imaginary crease in a cushion, she straightened the picture over the mantelpiece, she flicked a minute particle of dust from the top of the piano. Her eyes, in the photograph on her desk, followed her round the room, and she paraded before it self-consciously, as though he were really there, patting a strand of her hair, glancing in the mirror, humming a tune. "I must remember to fill the room with flowers, of course," she thought, and immediately she saw the flowers she would buy, daffodils or hard mauve tulips, and where they would stand.

The telephone rang from the dining-room. It was really the same room, divided by a curtain, but she called it the dining-room. "Hullo—Yes, it's me speaking. No, my dear, I'm afraid I couldn't possibly. Yes. Yes, he comes back to-day. I expect him about seven. Oh! but you don't understand, there are tons of things to see to. I like to think I have the whole day. No, I'm not silly, Edna. Wait until you're married, then you'll see. Yes, rather, we'll go to a film next week—I'll let you know. Good-bye."

She put down the receiver, and shrugged her shoulders. Really—how ridiculous people were. As if she could possibly go out or do anything when he was coming home at seven. Why, for the past fortnight now she had remembered to book nothing for Tuesday. Although he would not be back until the evening it did not make any difference. It was his day.

She crossed the absurd space known as the hall and went into the kitchen. She tried to look important, the mistress of the house, ready to give her orders, but her smile betrayed her and the dimple at the corner of her mouth.

She sat on the kitchen table, swinging her legs, and Mrs. Cuff stood before her with a slate. 'I've been thinking, Mrs. Cuff," she began, "that he always does so enjoy saddle of mutton. What do you say?"

"Yes—he is fond of his mutton, m'am."

"Would it be terribly extravagant? Do saddles cost a lot?"

"Well, we've been very careful, this week, haven't we?"

"Yes—Mrs. Cuff, that's what I thought. And for lunch I can have a boiled egg and some of that tinned fruit, it'll be heaps. But this evening, if you think you could cope with a saddle—and p'raps—what does one eat with it?—Oh! mashed potatoes, done his favourite way—and brussels-sprouts, and jelly."

"Yes, m'am, that would be nice."

"And—Mrs. Cuff—could we possibly have that kind of roly-pudding he likes with jam inside? You know—one is terribly surprised to see the jam"

"Just as you wish, m'am."

"I expect he'll be frightfully hungry, don't you? I'm sure it's horrid in Berlin. I think that's all, don't you? It doesn't seem only three months, does it, it seems three years since he's been gone?"

"Oh! It has been dull, m'am. It will be a different place with him back."

"He's always so gay, isn't he, Mrs. Cuff? Never dreary and depressed like other people."

"Please, m'am, while I remember it—we want some more Ronuk."

"I don't think I've ever seen him in a bad temper. What did you say, Mrs. Cuff? Ronuk? Is it stuff for swilling round basins?'

"No, m'am—for cleaning the floors."

"I'll try and remember. All right then, an egg for my lunch and the saddle to-night" She went upstairs to see that his dressing-room was tidy.

"Some day I'll find you—
Moonlight behind you,"

she sang, and opened the cupboards in case the suits he had left behind, and might want to wear to-morrow, had not been brushed. The shabby old leather coat, not good enough for Berlin, still hung on its peg. She fingered the sleeve, and pressed her nose against the motoring cap that smelt of the stuff he put on his hair.

The photograph of herself swung crookedly from a drawing pin on the wall, curling at the corners. She pretended not to notice it, hurt that he had never bothered to get a frame, never taken it to Berlin. "I suppose men think in a different way to women," she said to herself, and suddenly

(All rights strictly reserved.)

she closed her eyes and stood quite still without moving, because it had come to her swiftly like a wave covering her from head to foot, a wave of the sea and the sun, exquisite and strange, the realisation that in less than ten hours he really would be next to her—they would be together again—and they loved each other, and it was all true.

She had filled the two rooms with flowers, and had even drawn the curtains separating the dining-room aside, so that the space should be magnified. The canary still sang in his cage. "Louder, sweet, louder," she called, and it seemed that the house was filled with his singing—a high, joyous clamour straight from his small bursting heart—and it mingled in some indescribable fashion with the beam of gold dust shining upon the carpet, the last lingering pattern made by the setting sun.

She poked the fire and dusted the ashes in the grate, thinking as she did so how, in the evening, she would be doing the same thing, and would remember this moment. The curtains would be drawn then, and the lamps lit, and the bird quiet in his cage, and he lounging in the arm-chair by the fire, stretching out his legs, watching her lazily. "Stop fussing—and come here," while she turned towards him, smiling, her hand on his knee. And she would think—"This afternoon I was alone and now I'm looking back remembering it," and the thought would be somehow delicious like a secret vice. She hugged her knees, and stared at the fire, childishly excited at the memory of the large, expensive bottle of bath salts she had bought that morning and put on his dressing table, as well as the bowl of flowers.

When the telephone rang she sighed regretfully, unwilling to leave the fire, alter her position and be taken from the queer, lonely pleasure of her dreams to the conversation of someone who did not matter, forced and unreal.

"Hullo," she said, and there came from the other end of the wire a little choking sound, the pitiful drawn breath of one who is crying, who cannot control her tears.

"Is that you? It's May . . . I had to ring you. I—I'm so desperately unhappy," and the voice trailed off, choked, suffocated.

"Why," she said, "what on earth is the matter? Tell me, quick, can I do anything? Are you ill?"

She waited a moment, and then the voice came again, muffled and strange.

"It's Fred. It's all over—we've finished. He wants me to divorce him—he's stopped loving me." Then she heard a quiver and a sharp intake of breath, and the sound of sobbing, hideous, degrading, uncontrolled.

"My poor darling!" she began, amazed and horrified; "but how perfectly frightful. I can't believe it—Fred—but it's absurd."

"Please—please—come round and see me," begged the voice. "I think I'm going out of my mind—I don't know what I'm doing."

"Yes—of course. I'll come right away."

As she put on her things she brushed from her mind the selfish regret she felt at leaving the fire and the book she was reading, and the idea of making toast for tea, all the things that were part of the loveliness of waiting for him, and she gave her thoughts to May, broken and distressed, crying helplessly, her happiness gone from her.

She went in a taxi, because, after all, May was her greatest friend, and one and six was not so much; and that reminded her she had forgotten about the Ronuk. Oh, well! never mind . . . and Mrs. Cuff seemed pleased with the saddle of mutton. . . . Was he crossing now? she wondered; how awful, if he was sick, poor angel, how sweet. . . . she must remember to think about May, though; Life was frightful, of course . . . and here she was at the door, thank goodness, only a shilling; still, she would go home in a bus, anyway. . . .

May was lying face downwards on a sofa, her head buried in a cushion.

She knelt by her side, patting her shoulder, murmuring senseless little words of comfort.

"May, darling May—you mustn't cry like that, it's so weakening for you; it will pull you down—try not to, please, try and pull yourself together, darling."

And May lifted her head and showed her face, swollen, disfigured and blotched, so ravaged with her tears that it was shocking, something that should not be seen.

"I can't stop," May whispered; "you can't understand what it is—it's tearing at me like a knife, and I can't forget his face as he told me, so cold and different . . . it wasn't him at all, it was somebody else."

"But it's simply unbelievable, May! Why should Fred suddenly take it into his head to tell you he doesn't love you? He must have been drunk—it can't be true."

"It is true." May was tearing her handkerchief to little shreds and biting the ends.

"And it's not sudden, that's the whole thing; it's been coming on for some while. I've never told you—I've never breathed a word to anyone. I kept hoping and praying it was only my imagination, but all the time I knew deep down that everything was wrong."

"Oh! my poor May. To think I didn't know . . ."

"Don't you understand that there are some things one can't tell, that are too intimate; that I was terrified to breathe, hoping if I kept silent they wouldn't come true?"

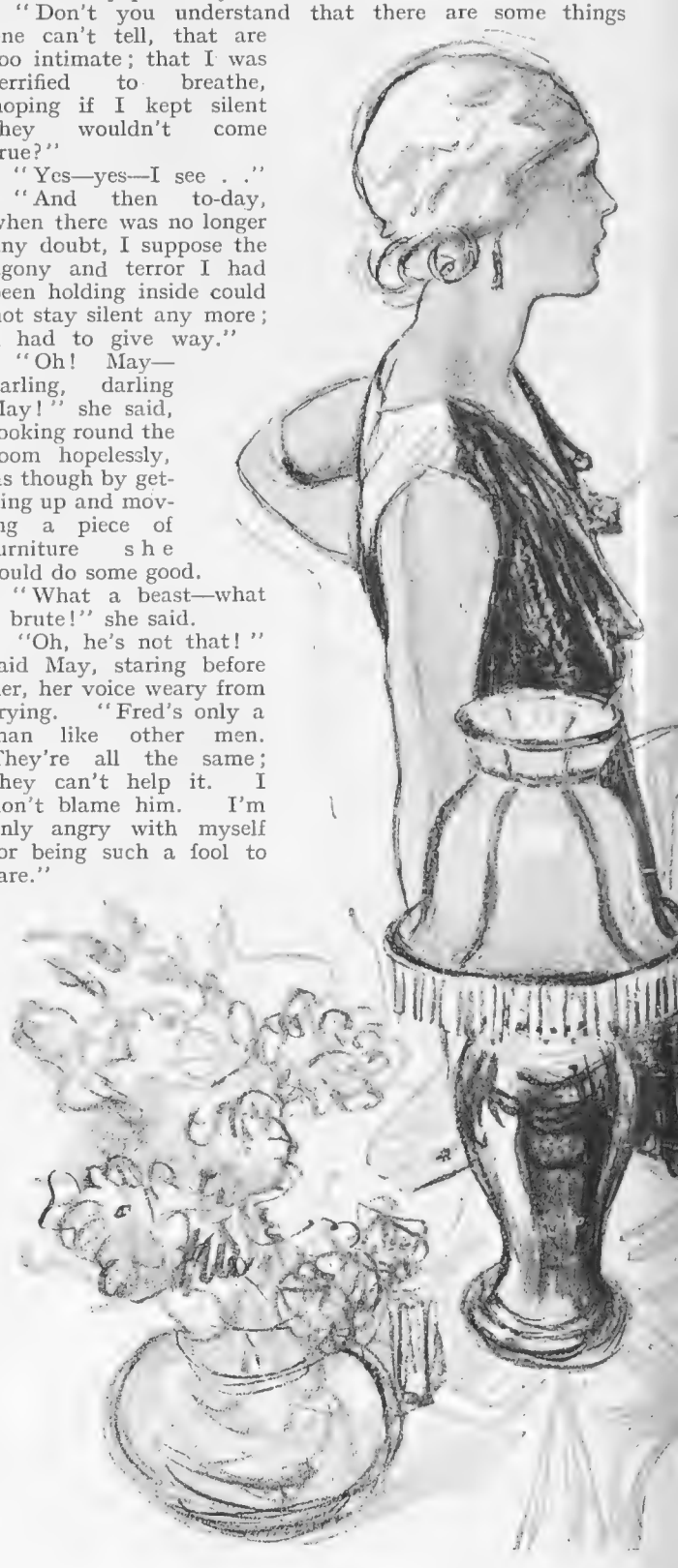
"Yes—yes—I see . ."

"And then to-day, when there was no longer any doubt, I suppose the agony and terror I had been holding inside could not stay silent any more; I had to give way."

"Oh! May—darling, darling May!" she said, looking round the room hopelessly, as though by getting up and moving a piece of furniture she could do some good.

"What a beast—what a brute!" she said.

"Oh, he's not that!" said May, staring before her, her voice weary from crying. "Fred's only a man like other men. They're all the same; they can't help it. I don't blame him. I'm only angry with myself for being such a fool to care."



"Already he had pushed aside the curtains and was lifting the receiver, and was giving the number"

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO BATES

"How long have you known?"

"Ever since he came back from America."

"But, May, darling, that's eight months ago. You surely have not been suffering all this time, keeping it for yourself? It's impossible!"

"Oh, my dear—it hasn't been eight months to me, but an eternity! I don't know if you can realise for one minute the hell that it's been. Never quite being certain, the awful bewildering doubt and pretending that nothing was wrong. Then the degradation of trying to please him, of not noticing his manner, of making myself a sort of slave in the hope that he might come back to me. Eight months of misery and shame . . ."

"Oh, if only I could have helped!" she began; and she was thinking. "But these things don't happen to people—they can't; it's only in plays."

"Help isn't any use," said May; "you have to go through it alone. I believe every moment has made its mark upon me, hurting and branding my heart—every moment from the very first until the last."

"But, May, darling, why should America have made any difference?"

"Because going away does make a difference to men. Don't you see that when Fred wasn't with me he forgot about wanting to be with me, and once he forgot that he was ready to forget anything. And a different way of living, and seeing new things, and meeting new people."

"But still . . ."

"Directly he came back I knew what had happened. I can't describe to you the difference there was. Nothing marked or striking. But a queer, subtle change. Little things he said, his manner, even his voice—he talked louder, like someone who is trying to bluff a secret—can you understand? The very first day he was home I saw—and I pushed it aside, but it hurt—and it went on hurting until to-day—and now I know at last what I've tried to hide."

"Is he in love with somebody else?" she whispered.

"Yes . . ." and the voice broke again, the tears welling up into her eyes, "yes . . . there is some woman, of course —behind it; but it's not only that—it's our life he doesn't want any more, this house—me—everything. He wants to break away altogether. He doesn't want ties, or a home—he talks of going back to America . . ."

"But Fred to behave like that—and all this time when I've seen you together, not a sign from either of you—my poor May!"

And though her words were full of pity and she held May close to her, trying to comfort her, she was aware that her heart could not hold any real sympathy, and that the sight of May's tears awoke even a sense of irritation and contempt which was difficult to banish, and she said to herself, with her eye on the clock, "I suppose I can't feel this because I know it couldn't ever happen to me."

"I haven't thought yet how I'm going to live," said May; "all I know is that it's impossible to suffer more than I have suffered already. Those terrible months—and then to-day."

"Don't cry, darling," she said, and she was thinking, "Oh, dear! is she going to begin all over again? It's really too much. Besides, it's getting late."

"Don't you think," she said gently, "that a large brandy and soda would do you good? And your poor head must be splitting. If you go upstairs and go to bed with a nice hot bottle—and two aspirins—and try to forget. . . ."

May smiled at her through her tears.

"If you think that is a cure," she said. "No—I'm all right . . . don't worry about me. You must get back, too . . . he's coming home to-night, isn't he? I've only just remembered."

"Yes," she said indifferently, trying not to parade her pleasure, and to make up for it she seized hold of May's hands and said, "Darling—if you know how terribly I feel for you, if only I could share it. What a wicked, shameful thing life is—God shouldn't have let it happen—this horrid, miserable world, why were we ever born . . ." and the tears came into her eyes, too, and they rocked together on the sofa, and she was thinking—her heart fluttering with absurd joy and the thought of his face before her—"Oh, dear—I'm so happy!"

Finally she tore herself away, the hands of the clock pointing to half-past six. "Of course I'll come to-morrow," and supposing his train is early, she thought, and she wondered how she could possibly keep from smiling before poor May. "Darling, are you sure you are all right left alone?" she said; and not waiting for the answer she was dragging on her coat and her hat, looking for her bag, trembling with the excitement which it was impossible to control any longer.

"Good-night, darling," she said, kissing her fondly, patting the blotched, disfigured face which roused in her an insane desire to laugh ("How vile of me," she thought), and she searched feverishly for some parting, consoling phrase; and because in half an hour she would be with him, blotted against him, losing herself, caring for no one, drunk and absurd—she said happily, her face radiant as she stood on the doorstep, "It's all right; nothing hurts for long."

FOR the fourth time she made up the fire, stabbing at the coal with the tongs, sparks flying on to the carpet, and she did not notice. She jumped up from her chair and touched the flowers, she sat down to the piano and played the bar of a tune, only to run across to the window and pull aside the curtain, thinking she had heard a taxi.

She was not sure how she wanted him to find her. Crouched by the fire perhaps, or lying in a chair, or putting on the gramophone. The clock in the dining-room struck eight. "Oh! but it must be fast," she thought wildly, and called to the kitchen, "Mrs. Cuff, what is the right time?"

"Past eight, ma'am, and the dinner is spoiling."

"Can't you keep it hot?"

"I can keep it hot, ma'am, but the joint is overdone and the vegetables are cooked. Such a pity. He's not going to enjoy it much."

"I can't understand why he is late, Mrs. Cuff. I've rung through to the station, and the train came in punctually at six forty-five. What can have happened?"

She walked from the dining-room to the kitchen, biting her nails, wondering if she was going to be sick. Surely he would have let her know if he had been coming by a later train. "He'll be so ravenous when he does arrive he'll eat anything—if it's burnt to cinders," she said. She was not hungry herself; it would have choked her to touch the dinner.

"He's always up in the clouds," she thought; "he probably does not realise the time. That's the worst of being temperamental. All the same . . ."

She put on a gramophone record, but the noise grated; the voice of Maurice Chevalier sounded high-pitched and ridiculous.

She went and stood before the looking-glass. Perhaps he would creep in suddenly and stand behind her, and put his hands on her shoulders, and lean his face against hers.

She closed her eyes. Darling! Was that a taxi? No—nothing.

"This wasn't how I imagined it at all," she thought. She threw herself in a chair and tried to read. Hopeless—what nonsense people wrote, anyway. Why was one supposed to take an interest in the life of someone who did not exist? She wandered over to the piano once more and began to strum.

"Some day I'll find you,
Moonlight behind you,"

she sang, but her fingers were heavy and her voice a poor thin whisper of a thing that went flat and could not strike the right note. The canary in the cage pricked up his ears. He started his song, and soon it filled the room, deafening her, shrill and absurd, so loud that she flung the cover on to his cage in irritation.

"Be quiet, can't you, you horrid little thing!" she said. It was being so different from the morning, and as she poked the fire again she remembered that moment during the afternoon when she had smiled to herself and thought, "I shall remember this minute."

And the chair was still empty, and the room looked lifeless and dull, and she was a little girl whose mouth turned down at the corners, who bit the ends of her hair, who wriggled with hunched shoulders, sniffing in a hankie, "It isn't fair."

Soon she had to go upstairs again to do her face, because she had dressed herself all ready for him at half-past nine. Her face wanted doing again. Her nose must be powdered, her lips lightly touched (the stuff did come off so), and her hair brushed away from her face in the new way.

As she took a final peep in the glass she thought how cheap she was making herself—any girl waiting for a man —squalid, like birds who paraded before each other, and it seemed to her that the face that stared at her from the mirror, pretty and smiling, was not the real her at all, was forced and insincere; the real her was a frightened girl who did not care how she looked, whose heart was beating, who wanted only to run out into the street and beg him to come home to her. . . .

THEN she stood quite still—because surely that was a taxi drawing up to the front door, and surely that was the sound of a key in the lock, and weren't those voices in the hall, suit-cases dumped down, and Mrs. Cuff coming out of the kitchen, and his voice? For a moment she did not move; it was as though something rose in her throat, stifling her, and something crept down into her legs, paralysing her—and she wanted to go quickly and hide, locking herself somewhere. Then the wave of excitement broke over her once more, and she ran out of the bedroom and stood at the head of the staircase, looking down at him in the hall below.

He was bending over his suit-case, doing something with his keys. "You might take these things up right away, Mrs. Cuff," he was saying; and then he straightened himself, hearing her step on the stair above, and he looked up and said, "Hullo, darling."

How funny—why, he had got fatter surely, or was it just his coat? And he must have cut himself shaving, because he had a silly little bit of plaster on his chin.

She went down the stairs slowly, trying to smile, but odd somehow, shy.

(*Continued on page 254*)

DANCING SISTERS of the SILVER SCREEN

Fred Daniels

Vera and Phyllis Calvert, two English dancers who are making big names for themselves on the films. Originally pupils of Margaret Morris, they have returned to England after a successful season in France, where they arranged the dances, designed costumes and settings and danced in the two French films, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and "La Rêve." They are well known in cabaret in both London and Paris, and hope to continue their work as dancers and designers in British pictures

A RUBBERNECK

By Charles Graves

(Author of "—— And The Greeks")

BELGIUM in 1931 is a land of geraniums, pavé, cherries, estaminets, casinos, golf courses, old and new battlefields, drinking clubs, lime trees, sherry, port and innumerable varieties of local beer. For I have just returned from a complete tour of the country, including Ostende, Brussels, Spa, Knocke, Le Coq, all the cathedral cities of course, Blankenberghe, Mars, Antwerp, and so on.

Not having been there since the War, everything was more or less new to me. In any case the changes are profound. Perhaps, to the economically minded, the fact that, though prices are the same or lower usually than in France, you get 173 francs to the pound, is not the least important. It certainly constitutes 49 reasons out of 50 for going there.

Another advantage that Belgium possesses over France is that you can play roulette there, in fact, you can be watching the little ivory ball spinning round within five hours of leaving London, as opposed to the twenty-four it takes you to get to Monte Carlo.

INCIDENTALLY, the casino at Ostende is the largest I have ever seen; it is a mixture of the casinos of Monte Carlo, Cannes and Deauville, and in the gaming rooms the roulette tables are cheek by jowl with the chemin-de-fer tables.

FROM the town the casino at Ostende looks at night like a pantomimic mixture of Aladdin's cave and Bluebeard's castle. There are two tall towers of a gothic character with narrow, slitted windows from which green, red and yellow light pours out. Inside there is a restaurant like the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs at Deauville, where they hold the galas flueris. It is shut off from the rest of the casino by immense purple velvet curtains. There is another restaurant about half the size of the Albert Hall and of the same shape, with scarlet and gold pillars and hundreds of chairs and tables surrounding the dance floor.

I COUNTED at least four immense bars and, in addition, of course, there is the gambling room, which looks like a cross between the kitchen at Monte Carlo and the chemin-de-fer room at Cannes, except that it is all gilt and marble. What a place!

Everyone is in evening dress. The minimum bet at roulette is a louis, and as for the chemin-de-fer, you can get an idea of the stakes when I say that at even the three louis tables most people began their banks with 300 francs. Altogether they are taking a lot of money at Ostende.

A view of part of the plage at Ostende, the Brighton of Belgium, showing some of the many big hotels lining the front. Ostende possesses one of the biggest casinos in the world

The King and Queen of the Belgians, followed by the Crown Prince, arriving at Ostende, where His Majesty unveiled a statue of his uncle, King Leopold II

OPPOSITE the casino is the Imperial Club where the play is lower, even though you have to be a member to play there. This has a marble foyer, a carpet like a gigantic Brigade of Guards tie, and gilt and red decorations in the gaming rooms, where also you can play roulette and chemin-de-fer.

OTHER casinos in Belgium are at Blankenberghe, about eight miles away, Spa, which is beyond Brussels and the most serene casino town I have ever visited, and at Knocke. The last-named has the latest and most up-to-date casino in the world. Instead of the garish turrets and gilt gingerbread effect that you get elsewhere, it is built in the latest German style with flat lines and immense glass windows everywhere. Inside, the pink, green, blue and black carpets have geometrical patterns, and the staircases are broad and straight.

IN BELGIUM

On the golden sands of Ostende: The Crown Princess Astrid of Belgium and her little daughter Josephine (left) in a merry party by the sea

KNOCKE and Zoute, which are really one and the same place, form undoubtedly the most charming seaside resort in Belgium. It is a miniature Le Touquet. It possesses three grand golf courses; a lawn tennis club with twenty-nine first-class courts where they hold the Belgian Championships, for which they have had as many as 1,600 entries; admirable bathing; four clubs where you can play auction or contract; six smart hotels; six cheaper ones; and the general atmosphere of an Indian Hill station.

Knocke and Zoute owe their success entirely to two men—Sir Maurice Lippens, the only Belgian who possesses the G.C.V.O., and Mr. Harold Berkeley, who runs the golf club and lawn tennis club and the Zoute club itself. They were playing the amateur championship at Zoute last week, and several leading English players had entered. While I was there Lord Granville, our Ambassador in Brussels, was staying in a villa, and so were several other well-knowns. The Duke and Duchess of York paid Knocke a visit two or three years ago, staying in a villa there and thoroughly enjoying the absence of photographers and fuss.

TWO other excellent golf courses are those of Spa and Le Coq. The Spa course is of a Sunningdale character and immensely impressed Archie Compston and other English professionals who visited it last year. Major Simon, the secretary, told me quite simply that it was far the best course on the whole of the Continent. Its peculiarities include the fact that its bunkers, particularly those at the third hole, have to be raked over with particular care because the wild boar like to romp in them at night.

Le Coq, which is under the same management as the Brussels course at Tervueren, reminds me very much of Rye. It is a first-class seaside course with twisting fairways, big sand dunes and excellent greens. By the same token I ate the finest lobster at luncheon in the club-house that I have ever had in my life. They arrive alive from the sea and are large and succulent.

AS to food in Belgium, the best restaurants are Almondo, La Renommée and La Belle Meunière in Ostende, and the Amphitryon in Brussels. The finest hotel is undoubtedly the Château d'Ardennes. This used to be Leopold II's Palace—and looks it. That bad old man, another statue of whom was unveiled in Ostende last week by his nephew

Playing out of the rough on the links at Spa, a favourite resort of those who enjoy a round of golf under excellent conditions

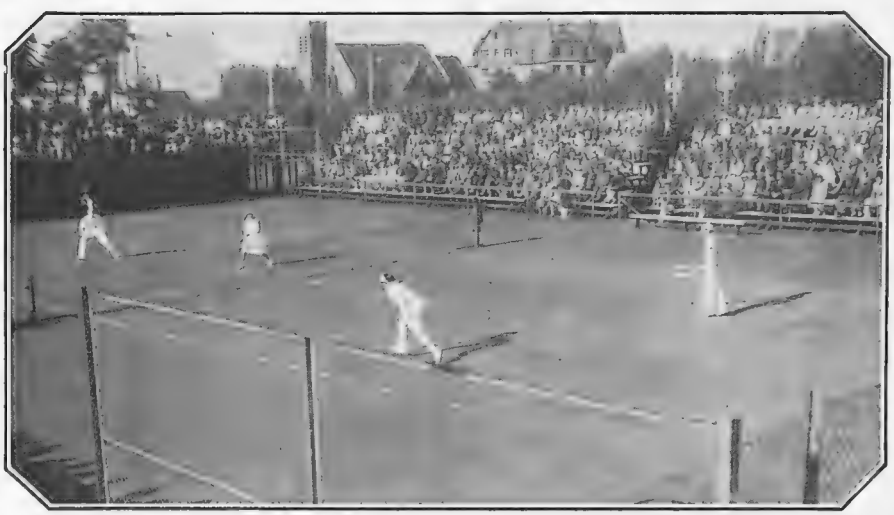
A RUBBERNECK IN BELGIUM (continued)

the present King Albert, certainly knew how to enjoy himself. The Château is in the midst of pretty, wooded, hilly country, where you can shoot deer, stick or shoot wild boar, catch trout, play golf on the Château's own course, play lawn tennis on the Château's own courts, fly from the Château's own aerodrome, as well as drink, dance, and flirt.

BRUSSELS at this time of year is more or less out of season. I visited no fewer than twenty-seven night clubs and cabarets, however, in three evenings. There is also Harry's Bar—definitely a spot not to miss, provided you know the local rules. Among the cabarets there are the Merry Grill, the Moulin Rouge, the Florida and Fantasio—all gay and gaudy. As to hotels—the Palace is the equivalent of the May Fair, the Metropole is a kind of Belgian Savoy, and the Astoria is the local Claridge's. The Place Brouckere is the Piccadilly Circus of Brussels, and the Rue Neuf is the native Bond Street.

A picturesque corner of old Bruges, one of the historical show-places of Belgium. On the left is seen Le Quai Vert

A glimpse of the crowded beach at Zoute. Bathing is one of the main attractions of this holiday resort, which is increasing in popularity every year



There are many excellent hard lawn tennis courts at Zoute, and the open tournament always has a large entry. Above are seen the crowded stands whilst a mixed doubles match is in progress

OF the other cities, you have Antwerp, with a zoo which I prefer to our own because the keepers have trained almost every single animal to a music-hall standard of performance; Tournai, with probably the finest cathedral in Belgium, hardly ever visited by English sightseers, who think of old Belgium solely in terms of Bruges; Bruges itself, with its single night club and its miniature golf course inside the belfry; Mâlines, with Cardinal Mercier's house; Liège and its incredible clock; Liège and its factories; Ghent, with its Hôtel de Ville and mediæval associations.

TO revert to Ostende and its casinos, one of the peculiarities of Belgian roulette is, as you probably know, an absence of zero. Instead, you are charged three per cent. on your wins. This is rather a bore and takes up a good deal of the croupier's time asking you for two francs or some such sum. Also, the juxtaposition of the roulette and chemin de fer tables affords a charming but dangerous temptation. One is so much inclined, as soon as the shoe has passed, to get up for a moment and try the roulette and then hurry back when it is your turn to take the bank again.

ANY experienced gambler well knows that the only way one can win at chemin de fer is to observe which players are temporarily out of luck, and are therefore safe to "banco," while the only way to win at roulette is to watch the pattern of numbers patiently until you get an idea of how the ball is rolling and then take your chance. Each requires concentration and study. If you try to make a Russian salad of the two games you are going to be hopelessly down—as I was.

OSTENDE, now at the height of its season—the King of the Belgians is now in residence there at the Royal Summer Palace; you have excellent racing on two different courses almost every day of the week until the end of August; you have Ypres and the battlefields within a few miles; you have the Digue, as they call the equivalent of the Croisette at Cannes; you have the Royal Palace Hotel with its own casino; you have the Ocean Bar and about 760 tavernes, estaminets, restaurants, night clubs, bars, boîtes—and what you will. And living is cheap!

C. G.

SILHOUETTES of the ATTACK on "REDLAND"

Above: Pilots "somewhere in the War Zone" waiting to take to their machine and join battle in the air over London. Now that the annual manœuvres are over we shall not be liable to severe prosecution if we mention that the photograph was taken at Kenley Aerodrome

Below: The ubiquitous Sapper plays his part. Men of the electrical branch of the Royal Engineers busy with sound locators, used for spotting aircraft flying by day or night

In the upper photograph is seen a machine gunner silhouetted against the night sky as he gives a final look to the working of his gun in the cockpit of his machine before the pilot takes off to go to the defence of "Redland." "Redland," as a pseudonym for London, is one which many consider a far from pleasant libel. The lower photograph shows defenders operating a giant searchlight from a field near Edenbridge, Kent, during one of the raids

FLYING NOTES

STOP STUNTING

By Capt. C. E. Ward

FOR the past two or three weeks I have dealt with the subject of stunting as one of the primary causes of accidents and its aspect as a retarding factor in the progress of aviation. That I do not think alone in this matter is clearly shown by letters which have been received from two members of the aircraft industry whose business interests are wrapped up with the safety of air transportation. Mr. F. E. N. St. Barbe, of the De Havilland Company, whose now famous Moth aeroplanes are flown over every quarter of the globe, expresses his entire agreement. As Mr. St. Barbe's company have probably made more light aeroplanes than any other in the world—indeed, it may safely be said that they were the pioneers of private flying—his opinion is not to be lightly dismissed. Let me quote an extract from his letter.

"Flight"

UNDER TORTURE!

A Desoutter writhing in agony in the middle of a roll. All standard models are stressed to stand this sort of handling

So long as people are trying to sell aviation as a "spectacle" they are deliberately retarding the business of flying as a serious mode of travel. Personally I have always felt that flying clubs are extremely short-sighted in making such prominent features of stunting at their flying meetings. They are to-day earning a few pounds of gate money, but they are driving away hundreds of pounds of real business.

"Flight"

A Desoutter Cabin Monoplane in normal flying position. Aerobatics, although thrilling to watch, far from assisting the progress of aviation, tend to retard it by making it appear risky to the lay mind

I am convinced that stunting, crazy flying, and all that sort of thing are responsible, either directly or indirectly (however far-fetched) for 99 per cent. of the accidents. My opinion comes from experience not only of club and private flying in this country, but throughout all the Dominions.

ONE of the most cheering symptoms of aircraft development is this willingness by the industry to look the accident question fairly and squarely in the face and openly analyse the causes. The word "accident," although I use it for want of a better word, is only one degree less unfortunate than "act of God." Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as an accident, because there is inevitably a predisposing cause. As far as aviation is concerned, the majority are put down to the failure of the human element, commonly expressed as "an error on the part of the pilot"; but if the real reason could be traced, "as a result of stunting" might well be added. In the rare case of structural failure, here again, if the determining factor could be arrived at, it would be discovered that either the aircraft or engine had been subjected to a strain in excess of the margin of safety allowed for by the designer.

MR. MARCEL DESOUTTER, of the Desoutter Aircraft Company, endorses our comments in a letter which so exactly describes the present situation that, with his permission, I quote from it below. As Mr. Desoutter has been flying for twenty years he is in a position to judge the case, and his views are therefore particularly valuable.

The summer season of flying meetings is now at its height, and at all these we are shown pilots demonstrating their skill to the delight of thousands of spectators who are thrilled with the excitement of it—as the newspapers are inclined sometimes to word it—"intrepid bird-men juggling with death."

There is certain commercial gain to be made from this, as from any sensational showmanship, but it leaves another side of the question unconsidered. In the aeroplane we have a speedy vehicle which might be of the greatest use in commerce and pleasure—and a source of income far in excess of that derived from its exciting use. *But the public must be convinced of its safety and reliability.* Imperial Airways and others have built up a thoroughly sound reputation for the safety of civil aviation, but so far as the aircraft trade and private flying as a whole is concerned, this is to a great extent nullified by sensationalism.

After all, if one analyses the raison d'être of aerobatics, it is undoubtedly due to the fact that from the moment the first aeroplane was induced to perform these evolutions, every aircraft manufacturer was immediately forced to prove that his aeroplane could also evolute in the same manner, whether he desired it or not, otherwise his sales were effected. This state of affairs seems to be established for good, but, it having been proved that aeroplanes can do all these wonderful evolutions, surely it is high time that a saner view of civil aviation should prevail, and that aircraft manufacturers should concentrate on producing civil aircraft on which aerobatics are unnecessary, even at the sacrifice of a few miles an hour in speed. If motor cyclists on the road were to act like dirt-track riders they would speedily be locked up, and when, in about ten years time, the air is more or less full of aeroplanes.

Having held these opinions for some considerable time, I did not originally put the Desoutter Cabin Monoplane up for an aerobatic certificate, but eventually decided that this was necessary from a sales policy point of view. A standard machine was drawn from stock and submitted to Farnborough, where it passed without a hitch for a load of 1,550 lbs. Its subsequent fine aerobatic performances in the hands of Flight-Lieutenant Schofield and others have amply proved its strength and manœuvrability. But while this may increase its sale amongst a certain class of customer, all these aerobatic demonstrations have, I feel, done nothing to convince the general public of the utility or general safety of flying.

The mass of people cannot be convinced by argument, and we must build up a general feeling of the comfort and safety of flying, before we can reap the harvest from the great numbers outside the small circle of "daring souls."

THIS leaves little doubt of Mr. Desoutter's opinion on the present mania for stunting and its effects on the minds of the public. He does not for one moment suggest that an aircraft should not be stressed for stunting; on the contrary, it *should* be so stressed, but not necessarily be granted a Certificate of Aerobatics by the Air Ministry.

"Flight"

A Moth in anything but a normal flying position. Although holding no brief for "stunt" flying, the De Havilland Company always allows for this sort of handling when constructing its machines

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A BIG NOVEL BY A WOMAN WRITER

BY "JUNIUS"

MISS CLEMENCE DANE, whom I have the honour to call a colleague of mine in THE BYSTANDER, has written a big novel in *Broome Stages* (Heinemann: 8*s.* 6*d.*), big in every sense of the word—in conception, execution and format. In length and breadth it is about half as large again as an ordinary novel, and runs to some seven hundred pages. But its subject—the history of the Broome family from the reign of George II down to our own time—calls for a big canvas. Miss Dane has covered that canvas with amazing skill.

MISS CLEMENCE DANE *Lenare*

The famous novelist, whose latest book, "Broome Stages" (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

THE first Richard Broome spent his childhood in making and selling brooms, and at fifteen was a member of a company of strolling players, with a parson, who ultimately became a bishop, for unacknowledged father; and a mother who once sold oranges in the theatre. "She had always been a dark, melancholy she-devil with a beckoning eye and a long nose in her long face, and she called herself Charlotta. Richard could make what he liked of that! Good King Charles's blood ran in too many hackney veins for it to mean much: still, there it was, the magic Stuart drop, and Richard might as well make the most of it." Perhaps this "magic Stuart drop" gave the Broomes the charm which made them the favourites of the stage for two hundred years, and their representative to-day, young Richard, the darling of the films. "The Broomes, indeed, may be said to have accomplished charm as a social asset, just as they have established the stage as socially virtuous."

BUT Miss Dane only uses the stage as a background. Against this background we see the inner life of the Broomes, generation after generation, with the working of the strong family personality; its virtues, violences and ambitions; its feuds and family loyalty. Psychologically, a brilliant achievement.

THE first Richard Broome succeeded so well as a strolling player that he became manager of a London theatre and founded the Broome tradition. As the generations succeeded, the family eventually owned three London theatres. But, undoubtedly, despite their outstanding talent as actors, they owed much to the marriage of Richard's granddaughter, Hilaret, to the Duke of Bedenham. She had all the violences of the Broomes in her blood, and running away from home practically forced her grandfather to take her into his company. She made an admirable Duchess, bearing her husband twelve children. In her old age she went to the East with her youngest son, and, dying in Persia, was buried in a rose-garden. "Be an imp, be a changeling, or be dropped in Houndsditch," said the Duchess, "and it's all according to your talents whether you end with a coronet or die in a ditch. But be born in Clerkenwell and you'll finish in Clerkenwell, talents or no talents"—a truly Broomish remark.

HER daughter, Lady Lettice, was more Broome than Wybird—her father's family. "In an emergency Lettice was unsurpassed, but she could not long breathe easily on a height. Her nature craved gaiety and throve on common sense." She married her cousin, William Broome, and became the mother of yet another famous actor, Harry Broome, who succeeded to the position created by his father. But that position was gained by one of the cruellest and ugliest tricks ever played by a Broome.

WILLIAM, knowing himself to be a greater actor and better manager than his father, Robert Broome, and weary of waiting for the succession, announced Robert's farewell performance, the old man being in ignorance of the announcement. "Kindness and unkindness were virtues and vices that did not exist for the Broomes. Love and hate—yes! But to refrain from wounding if you were in the mood to wound: to soothe a fool's foible out of affection for the fool, that was not a Broome habit, this was not a Broome tradition." Robert bore the treachery with no outward comment, but, later, committed suicide in the Broome box at his own theatre—the first tragedy in the Broome family.

LADY LETTICE bore William Broome three sons, Russel, Harry and Robin. Russel made a great name and a fortune in America; Robin died of consumption; Harry succeeded his father in the Broome tradition of acting and theatre-ownership. He had a daughter, Domina; his brother Robin left a son, Stephen, who was married to a gentle, charming creature, very suggestive of one of Dickens's heroines. As a widow, Domina marries an American, but the son she bears him is actually her cousin Stephen's. The scene in which Domina—one of the most violent, difficult and attractive of the Broomes—tells the truth to Stephen and their son, Edmund, to me, more than any other scene in the book, shows Miss Dane's mastery of the Broome psychology.

MATERIAL issues; Stephen's dissatisfaction with his own legitimate son, and, above all, the fact that Edmund is doubly Broome, lead him to agree to Domina's suggestions, after she has nearly ruined him by a deliberate and cleverly-thought-out rivalry. With Domina, "love and hate" were nearly allied. Stephen had wearied of her. Years after she had a consummate revenge.

EDMUND, being Broome, must have all that he desires. One desire is Elinor Dale for his wife. She is actually in her wedding dress for her marriage to one of her ducal Wybird

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

relations. Half an hour before the ceremony—her bridal garments in shreds upon her bedroom floor—she runs out of the house to meet the waiting Edmund.

THEY have four boys, Richard, Henry, Jerry and John, which brings us down to the present generation. And here all the foregoing Broome history repeats itself. William and Lady Lettice quarrelled and separated. Elinor leaves Edmund because of his unfaithfulness. William was the direct cause of his father's (Robert's) death. Richard, a brilliant and popular star, by insisting on turning one of the Broome theatres into a cinema, is responsible for the heart attack from which Edmund dies. Henry is killed in the War. Jerry possessing all the worst Broome failings, marries a rich American woman, and only Richard and John are left. And if Richard leaves one with a feeling of repulsion, Miss Dane can only blame her subtle gift for saying a great deal without saying anything definite.

AS I have said, *Broome Stages* is a big book. It reminds me of some gorgeously painted ceiling in a cinque cento Italian palace—a riot of figures, foliage, clouds — nymphs, amorini, heroic-sized figures of gods, goddesses, fauns and satyrs, all heaped together. Yet, if you examine such a ceiling carefully, you will see that what appears to be riot is actually an ordered sequence of the story the painter set forth to tell with his brush. And so it is with *Broome Stages*. But out of Miss Dane's book two figures stand in one's memory before all others. These are Lady Lettice—whose horrible death makes one shudder—and Domina. They are two great creations.

AND another point is dominant—the Broome sense of the theatre which leads them to put their sons, their daughters, even their wives upon the stage. In the end, interesting as it is as a psychological study of a family, I am inclined to ask myself whether it takes us anywhere, which, after all, in so long a novel, is a legitimate question. Does the Broome family really matter?

BOOKS RECEIVED

SOME WOMEN SHOULDN'T MARRY. By D. M. Locke. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)
WILD BEASTS TO-DAY. By Harold Shepstone. (Sampson Low: 12s. 6d.)
SAINT JOHNSON. By W. R. Burnett. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)
PAGAN. By W. F. Morris. (Bles: 7s. 6d.)
ENGLAND'S OPPORTUNITY. By Reginald Berkeley. (Gollancz: 8s.)
TWENTY-THREE POEMS. By Bryan Guinness. (Duckworth: 6s.)
CLAUDINE IN PARIS. By Willy and Colette. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)

AMONG recent publications *The Lustre Jug*, by Frank Hird (Stanley Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), stands out as a notable addition to the ever-growing list of mystery-thrillers. The story chiefly concerns the wife of a butler, who, in her desire to rise in life, forces her wretched husband—who is peculiarly gifted in this particular—to forge foreign bills and certificates; then having got rid of him in prison for twenty years, disappears with her ill-gotten gains, using these to advance other schemes of becoming a "lady of fashion."

BARBARA, the heroine, who as a child of three was brought to the village from abroad by a mysterious woman, and knowing neither her name nor parentage, becomes sadly involved in trying to trace them. Through the finding by chance of a lustre jug in an old oak chest this girl, with her lover, are dragged through the most dramatic adventures in England and Italy—adventures which are further complicated because Barbara's old nurse, in a fit of devotion and uncontrollable jealousy, poses as her unknown mother to prevent her marriage.

IT is only quite unexpectedly that the villainess, found in hiding as the owner of an old Italian chateau that should by rights belong to the girl, is exposed, and justly meets the same horrible death that she had planned for her husband. Altogether, with its surprising little turns and twists and its exciting climax, this is a story that keeps one deeply engrossed and in suspense till the end. JUNIUS.

NOTHING HURTS FOR LONG (continued from page 246)

"I've been so worried," she said, "whatever happened? You must be absolutely famished."

"Oh! I missed my connection," he said, "I thought you would guess. It's all right, Mrs. Cuff, I had my dinner on the train."

Had his dinner? But that was not how she had planned it.

He kissed her hurriedly, patting her shoulder as though she were a little girl, and then he laughed, and said, "Why—what on earth have you done to your hair?"

She laughed too, pretending she did not mind. "I've had it washed—it's nothing, just a bit untidy." They went into the drawing room.

"Come and get warm," she said.

But he did not sit down, he lounged about, jingling the money in his pockets.

"Of course I would come back and find a lousy fog," he said. "God—what a country."

"Is it foggy?" she said. "I'd not noticed it." And then there was a pause for a moment, and she looked at him—Yes, he was fatter, different somehow—and she said stupidly "How did you like Berlin?"

"Oh! it's a grand place," he said, "London can't compare with it. The atmosphere, the life there, the people, everything. They know how to live." And he smiled, rocking on his heels, remembering it; and she thought how terrible it was that he was seeing things in his mind now that she would never see, going over things he had done that she would never know.

"Fancy," she said, and she knew she hated Berlin, and the people, and the life. She did not want to hear about it—and yet supposing he did not tell her, but kept it to himself, wouldn't that be worse? "Oh!" he said suddenly, striking his forehead, a stupid theatrical gesture—not impulsive but planned. "By Jove—I must telephone. I'd quite forgotten. Some people who are over here from Berlin."

"Telephone?" she said, her heart sick, "but, darling, you've only just come back?"

"I promised though, rather important," he said, and kissed her as though he were saying "There now—be a good girl," and already he had pushed aside the curtains, and was lifting the receiver, and giving the number. It tripped off his tongue, she thought, he did not have to look it up in the book.

She went and crouched by the fire, cold for no reason, and tired. She felt empty inside—perhaps it was because she hadn't had any dinner.

He had got on to his friends. He was talking German—and she did not understand. A flow of hideous stupid words, and he kept laughing—surely these friends couldn't be as funny as all that? Why was he laughing? She thought he would never finish. And then he came back through the curtains, red in the face, smiling.

"Well," he said, talking rather loudly, "tell me all the news." Perhaps he felt that after all it was her turn. She felt herself closing up, shy, stupid. She remembered May and her husband. No—she could not tell him about that, it was as if—as if it wasn't the right moment, it was too soon—besides . . .

"Oh! I can't think," she said. "There doesn't seem to be anything to tell." He laughed, and his laugh turned into a yawn. "How's the old bird?" he said, glancing carelessly at the cage, not really wanting to know.

"He's all right," she said.

He sprawled in a chair, still yawning, his mouth wide open, and she knew as she looked at him that it was not just her fancy, it was not just imagination, but, besides being fatter, he was different in another way—altered, queer—*changed*.

He whistled softly, his eyes staring into space. Then he said slowly, "Gosh—time's a funny thing. To think that at this moment last night I was in Berlin."

She smiled nervously, anxious to please, but something stabbed her heart like a sharp little knife, twisting and turning—and into her mind ran the words, over and over again; "It's all right, nothing hurts for long—nothing hurts for long." D. DU M.

PARIS GOSSIP

ROYALTY at the COLONIAL EXHIBITION

BY SYLVIA LYON

THE "DUSKY QUEEN" OF PARIS

Josephine Baker, who is a reigning star of revue and cabaret in Paris, waves au revoir to friends and admirers before embarking in an air liner at Le Bourget for a short rest on the Riviera. Her popularity with Paris audiences seems to increase every day

MODERNISING THE VATICAN

Public telephones have now been installed in the Vatican City, which has seen many innovations of late. A member of the famous Swiss Guards, the personal body-guard of the Pope, is seen putting through a call on one of the new telephones

WHEN the Duke and Duchess of York arrived in Paris for their five-day visit an incident occurred that has never been equalled in the history of anybody's arrival, and which I hope will be repeated often. Beside Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador, and representatives of the President of France, the Foreign Minister and the Embassy staff, the Gare de Nord was crowded with the usual eagerly curious. But the most curiously eager were about ten porters who, in order to get a better view of the arriving British Royalties, sat, stood and crouched upon a loaded luggage chariot on the opposite platform, beside a departing train. The porters swayed and grew dizzy and fell on to the nice soft cement quay with a tremendous crash. Victims of ruthless porters throughout the world will no doubt be delighted to hear that some evil djin hidden within the trunks and bags turned the tables and treated the porters as they often have treated the luggage.

THE Duke and Duchess broadly smiling—and who would not after such a reception?—drove to the Embassy and later attended a dinner given in their honour at the Indo-China Pavilion of the Colonial Exhibition by Marshal Lyautey. At the Duke of York's right sat Madame Paul Renaud, the wife of the Minister of Colonies, and on her right Lord

The Infantas Beatrice and Christina of Spain shaking hands with their partners, M. Landry and M. Augustin, after playing in a mixed double at Fontainebleau. The King and Queen of Spain were among the spectators of the match

The four pages and seven little bridesmaids who attended Lady Helen Pleydell-Bouverie at her marriage to the Hon. David Smith at Salisbury Cathedral. They are Viscount Folkestone, the Masters John Ormsby-Gore, Rorie McNeile and Simon Pleydell-Bouverie and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Lady Jane and Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie and the Misses Anne and Jenefer Petherick, Olivia FitzRoy and Mollie Acland

Tyrrell. At the Duchess of York's right were M. Paul Renaud and Lady Tyrrell, Sir Edward Crowe and Mrs. Ronald Campbell, wife of the British Minister. (By the way, Great Britain and Roumania are the only two nations to be represented in Paris by both Ambassadors and Ministers.)

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AMONG the other sixty guests present were Lady Annaly, the Duchess's lady-in-waiting, the Hon. Mrs. Holman, Lord Tyrrell's daughter, Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, M. and Madame Philippe Berthelot, M. James "Cognac" Hennessy, and the Comte and Comtesse Jean de Castellane and Comte and Comtesse Stanislas de Castellane, M. and Madame Achille Fould and dozens and dozens of Colonial Governors and Secretaries. It really seems impossible to believe that there were no more than sixty guests present at the dinner that evening.

The Hon. David Smith, third son of the late Viscount Hambleden and of the Dowager Viscountess Hambleden, and Lady Helen Pleydell-Bouverie leaving Salisbury Cathedral after their wedding. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Radnor and of the Dowager Countess of Radnor

UNDER the delusion that this is summer the Davis Cup is being played in an ambience of water-polo. However, some amusing reports from resorts and villégiatures creep in: ten pilgrims from Dahomey (French West Africa) have been visiting the shrine of St. Thérèse at Lisieux. The pilgrims are under the benign black charge of Zounon Menoe, also known as "King of the Night," who is followed by a servant carrying an umbrella: Zounon, dictatory chieftain, has given orders that the sun's rays must never reach him. Anybody thinking that anywhere in France just now one needs protection from the sun needs also to consult an alienist.

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ANYBODY interested in disarmament will be pleased to learn that the ancient fortress of Alberoni, in Venice, has been made into a golf course, while an old fort at St. Jean de Luz is also being used as a "pocket battleship" golf course . . . Queen Marie of Yugo-Slavia is at Vittel until returning to Roumania for the wedding of her youngest sister, Princess Ileana (of whom you may have heard), to the Archduke of Hapsburg.

S

AS soon as he gets his divorce from Alice Cocea, the actress, Comte Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld is to marry the Comtesse François de Beauchamps, née Yvonne San Felice de Viggiano. They were seated the other night in the second row of a talkie, "City Streets" at the Elysée-Gaumont. I happened casually to ask (not them, of course) why Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld had ever married Alice Cocea in the first place. "Oh, just to be English," I was informed.

S

THE other day at an official "conversation" between Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Henry Stimson and M. Pierre Laval, during a tense moment when Mr. Henderson insisted that the "conversations" be turned into a "conference" in London, Mr. Stimson said, "the only difference between a conversation and a conference is that for a conversation you and I are wearing blue and grey suits, while for a conference we must wear morning coats."

S. L.

THEIR MAJESTIES' GARDEN PARTY

The Royal Garden Party given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace was blessed with glorious sunshine, where the gardens, with their wealth of flowers, provided a lovely setting to the many beautiful costumes

The King and Queen are seen in these pictures in the midst of admiring throngs. A number of celebrities were present—including Sir Harry Lauder, complete in tartan an' all—and numbers not so celebrated

MOTOR NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and their maid with the Chevrolet Eccles Caravan in which they crossed the Sahara Desert and French Equatorial Africa. The photograph was taken at Algiers before the start of the expedition

WHERE SAFETY IS SIN! By E. M. Wright

THE ordinary householder, pursuing his lawful occasions, daily runs the risk of breaking some obscure law. So soon as he becomes the owner of a car his difficulties are increased tenfold. Our lot would be hard enough had we only the hosts of *new* laws and regulations to contend with. But at any moment we are liable to be confronted with musty, half-forgotten statutes passed in the days of the early Georges. The average man is left with no other alternative than that of following the light of reason—until a "common informer" seizes the occasion to extract strictly legal blackmail!

***

A HARMLESS competition organised by the National "Safety First" Association to encourage interest in the safety provisions of the new Highway Code has had to be abandoned for fear of infringing the provisions of the Lottery Act, passed over a hundred years ago. No one could question the high moral aim which prompted the competition, nor the need for bringing the Code before the public eye. The Highway Code is already almost a dead letter. Most people have never even heard of it, and in any case no ordinary man, having heard of it, is ever likely to study it merely to improve his mind. To stimulate interest by means of a competition appealing to popular taste (which no law on earth will alter) was a stroke of genius worthy of the highest praise.

***

THOUGHTLESSNESS and ignorance annually cost the country thousands of lives. Had this "Safety First" Competition prevented only a few accidents it would have been more than justified. Yet the majesty of the law must at all costs be upheld. The law must prevail against reason itself—even to the point of death.

TO pile absurdity upon absurdity the very law which forbids lotteries was *not* intended to preserve our morals, but merely to stifle competition. In the days when the "First Gentleman in Europe" ruled our land, lotteries—provided they were State lotteries—were legal. The Lottery Act of 1823, which has made it necessary to abandon this "Safety First" Competition, merely had as its object the creation of a State monopoly. The intention even of the Gaming Acts, which are nowadays the standby of the Puritan, was *not* to restrict gambling, but merely to save the courts the trouble of deciding disputed bets. The law loves futility.

Sir Herbert Parsons, in light hat, the Chairman of Phosferine, Ltd., and his son, Mr. J. Parsons, one of the directors, leaving La Belle Sauvage Yard in a 1900 De Dion en route for lunch at the Savoy. Mr. W. Whiter, of Lloyds, who accompanied them, is seen sitting next to the chauffeur at the back

For a quarter of a century it forbade us to drive at more than 20 m.p.h. Yet Archbishops themselves openly boasted of a criminal fifty! The law forbids you to teach jay-walking pedestrians how to save themselves by offering prizes to those who mark, learn and inwardly digest the excellent though rather grandmotherly recommendations of the Highway Code, but every year at Derby-time sweepstakes are so numerous that one almost dreads meeting one's friends. Everybody has a book of tickets to sell, and my pockets are always full of scraps of paper which have cost me many a hard-earned shilling. It is the same law differently applied.

***

THERE can be no more reputable body than the National "Safety First" Association. There can be no higher aim than that of preventing senseless loss of life. The Association has the blessing of the police themselves—need I say more! Yet when they ask a humble bob of you and dangle before your eyes the prospect of winning £1,000, provided you pass what is in effect a stiff competitive examination on the principles of safety, there are mutterings among the Pharisees: "This is against the law." Perhaps, but it is still the soundest common sense.

***

IN one of his vitriolic letters to the Press Mr. Foley, secretary of that noisy but most ineffective body, the Pedestrians' Association, has launched yet another attack upon motorists. The latest statistics of accidents in the Metropolitan area, however, reveal unmistakably that the pedestrian himself is his worst enemy. The three most "popular" types of accident—"crossing without due care," "hesitating and/or faltering" and "passing between,

(Continued on page 260)

OUT OF THE VERY HEART OF ENGLAND
THE CAR THE PUBLIC WANTS *IS HERE!*

Surely no cars have ever been launched with greater confidence than these new Standard models. For, are they not just what the public *wants*—what they have *waited* for? Standard have watched an inevitable demand arise—for a new series of cars built to meet the economic conditions of to-day! Cars of deep luxury and high performance, cars of sound qualities and brilliant capabilities *—yet sensationally low in price and running costs!*

To-day, Standard announce and introduce to you four new all-British cars!

THE "STANDARD LITTLE NINE"

A car is made . . . to seat four grown-up people in roomy comfort . . . to give a comfortable maximum speed of 56 miles an hour . . . to hold the road with the steadiness of much larger cars . . . *to run for over 40 miles on a single gallon of petrol.* A car is made . . . all-British, constructed of the finest materials . . . powerful, yet light enough to reduce running costs to a minimum, sturdy enough to ensure the utmost reliability, small enough to be garaged easily and cared for by the owner. A car is made . . . luxuriously finished and lavishly equipped . . . with springing that is a positive revelation . . . for £155!

Coachbuilt Saloon £155 *Ex works*

(*For full descriptions and road tests of all models see July 31 issue of the "Autocar."*)

THE "STANDARD BIG NINE"

The "Big Nine" in its 1932 form! Even cheaper to buy, even cheaper to run. All coachbuilt bodies now . . . rear petrol tank . . . a four-speed gearbox with really silent third . . . the new impressive radiator design . . . sliding roof as standard . . . Protectoglass screen, Magna type wire wheels. A full-sized family or business car with all the economical advantages of light weight, low horsepower and small chassis dimensions.

Coachbuilt Saloon £205 *Ex works*

THE "STANDARD SIXTEEN"

A car with all the costly qualities of luxury, comfort and performance—yet at a revolutionary price! A sweet silent speed of 65 m.p.h. . . . easily operated controls . . . flexibility and acceleration suggestive of much larger cars. The famous Standard "Ensign" ready for 1932 — with even more luxury and comfort, even more lavish equipment, even more brilliant road capabilities.

Coachbuilt Saloon £235 *Ex works*

THE "STANDARD TWENTY"

A still more spacious model of the Standard "Envoy," with all its magnificent luxury—coachbuilt for £325! This model is built for the motorist who requires a really large car. Yet good looks have not been sacrificed to size; you have to look inside to realise the roominess of this great comfortable car. All models this year are upholstered in furniture hide, seats are deeply cushioned and a wealth of equipment and appointments supplied.

Coachbuilt Saloon £325 *Ex works*

the STANDARD

by which all other cars are judged

STANDARD DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN ARE WAITING TO SHOW YOU THESE FOUR AMAZING CARS...

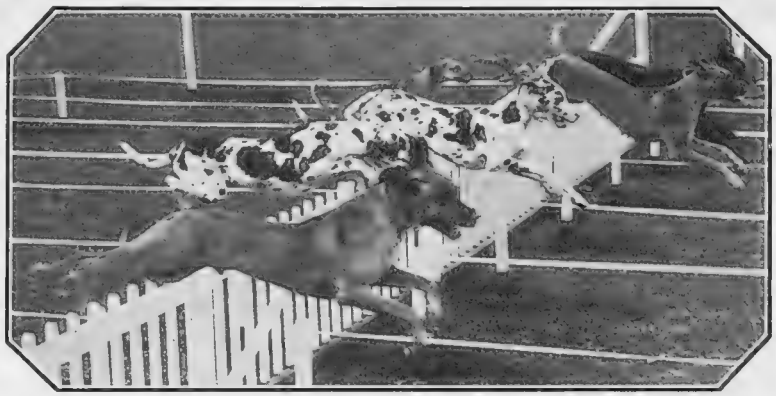
Write for a wonderful new catalogue to the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley, Coventry

DOGS

MEET RIN-TIN-TIN — By Lady Kitty Ritson

I SUPPOSE most of you have seen Rin-Tin-Tin on the films, but probably none of you have ever met him. I can imagine nothing that would excite a Greta Garbo fan more than the opportunity of spending an afternoon with her idol, therefore you can understand that I was delighted when I heard that "Rinty" was coming to luncheon, accompanied by his owner, Mr. Lee Duncan.

Everybody tells you that it is not the same and original Rin-Tin-Tin, but I can assure you, that "everybody" is wrong. He is thirteen and a half years old and he can play like a puppy. Except for his grey muzzle he does not show the least sign of age. He was born at Fleury, September 12, 1918. Close to where his mother was nursing her litter lay a messenger-dog with two pigeons strapped to his back, blown almost to pieces, yet strangely enough the pigeons were unhurt.



Great Danes taking a hurdle during a race at the Send Kennels, near Guildford. These dogs, which show wonderful agility, are also trained in dumb-bell retrieving

MR. DUNCAN was an aviator and he and his companions heard these puppies squeaking in the complaining manner of all small pups. Lee Duncan adopted two of them, and from then on they led an extraordinary existence. He had to take them with him, as he was ordered farther up the line and the pups subsisted on hard tack and condensed milk, and once in the twenty-four hours they were flown back to their mother for a little maternal nourishment. What do you think of that, you breeders who coddle your puppies?

Eventually the War came to an end and Rin-Tin-Tin and his sister, Nanette accompanied their master to America, but the passage was a terrible one and Nanette succumbed to pneumonia. I could fill pages with the story of Rin-Tin-Tin's further adventures, but I must content myself with telling you that he began merely with the ordinary police dog training that most Alsatian owners give their dogs and it was not till four years after the War that he entered upon his career as a film star.

BUT who cares for biographical details when the personality of a dog is in question? Imagine a small grey Alsatian (small as we judge in them in the show ring), but really the original and correct size. He has a beautiful deep chest and body and good feet, but his real charm lies in his dark eyes, that are so full of intelligence and a certain wistfulness. "Rinty" has done a great life-work, for apart from bringing fame and riches to his owner (and that is the part for which Lee Duncan cares least) he has helped at hundreds of entertainments in aid of various charities and brought pleasure into the lives of thousands of children.

Rin-Tin-Tin is a personality, but he is a real dog with a dog's desires and pleasures, and you must not imagine that he spends his life in a hot studio under blazing arc lights. The greater part of his existence is that of any ordinary, healthy dog.

A WONDERFUL dog. Yes, but an even more wonderful man, for I question whether at the beginning, Rinty was more than the averagely intelligent puppy and young dog. But Lee Duncan is a man of the out-doors who loves his dog because he is his own "Rinty," not because he is a "star" and a prodigy.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 258)

behind, or in front of a stationary vehicle" account for exactly 50 per cent. of all the deaths recorded from all causes in London streets. The statistics clearly show that pedestrians do not even dimly realise the dangers of jay-walking.

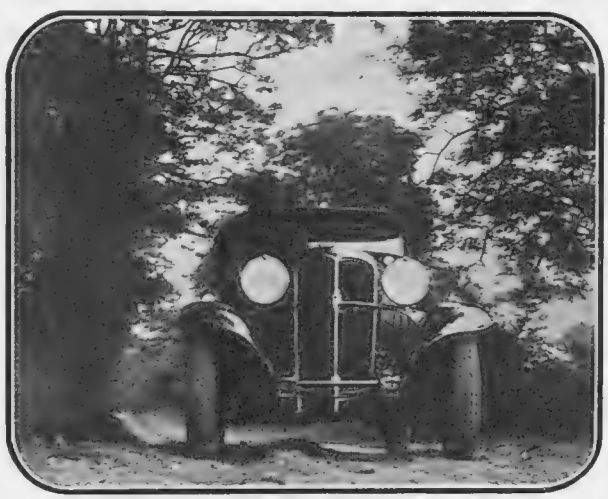
IN THE NEWS

A New Ford Map

We have received from the Ford Motor Company a very useful new road map of Great Britain and Ireland containing 72 coloured maps, the scaled road maps being clearly marked and easily followed. There is also very useful information to road users in regard to popular places such as golf courses, racecourses, aerodromes, all denoted by representative symbols. It includes also an explanatory article dealing with the Highway Code and its application to the motorist; signals as employed by traffic police and drivers; automatic and controlled signals, and a wealth of information invaluable to Ford owners. At the back of the map is incorporated a twenty-four page list of Ford Dealers' Facilities Depots in Great Britain and Ireland indexed under the name of the town in which the dealer's premises are situated. The name and address, telephone number, telegraphic address and map references are all items of great importance to touring motorists. The new Ford road map costs only one shilling and is worth double. It can be obtained from any authorised Ford dealer.

Women at Brooklands

A promised thrill at the Brooklands meeting on August Bank Holiday is an attempt on the lap record by Mrs. Stewart, the only woman to hold a world's speed record. Mrs. Stewart, as a matter of fact, holds two such records—for 10 miles and 100 kilometres—and only the other day broke her own time for the latter distance. Her car, however, was unfortunately damaged in the attempt, and there is still some doubt whether the necessary repairs will be completed in time for her to appear at Brooklands. Mr. Kaye Don's lap record of 137.58 m.p.h. is also to be attacked by Captain Sir Henry Birkin, who held the record for a few weeks last year until he was beaten by Mr. Kaye Don.

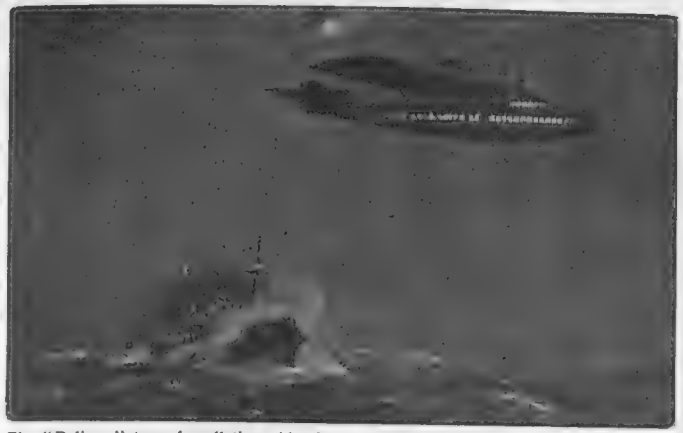


Tackling a steep by-road in Derbyshire. The car is a new Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Six

For Foreign Touring

Those who contemplate touring abroad will find very useful the foreign touring guide just issued by the A.A., which members may obtain at a special price of 3s. 6d. a copy. The guidebook begins with a helpful general chapter giving all the necessary information with regard to international motor regulations, passports, the rule of the road in different countries, the shipping of cars, and a list of the principal mountain roads and passes which are open during certain periods of the year only. The book then deals with each of the principal European countries in turn, starting with detailed information with regard to special regulations enforced in each of these countries, and concluding with a list of appointed hotels and garages. It contains a series of good main-road maps, with distance charts worked out in miles and there is also a very full catalogue of guide books, maps and phrase-books. The book is a handy little volume which can easily be tucked away in a pocket or a cubby-hole in the car. E. M. W.

THE NIGHT MAIL



The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY

There are two editions as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) .. £2:2:0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) .. £1:1:0

The approximate size of the print is 16 inches by 10 inches.

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"IN COMPANY." "'MUSKOKA' UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL."
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"THE 'BOLIVAR.'" "RUGGED WEATHER."
"THE GOLDEN GALLEON."

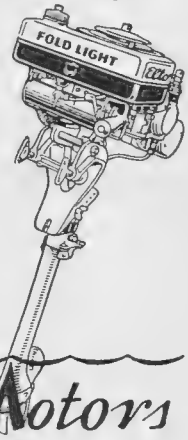
Particulars on application.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

FOUR BELLS, *Four belles, and heigh ho for fun afloat*

TWO O'CLOCK, and all's well aboard the boat in the photo. No fear of mutinous refusals to row. An Elto Outboard Motor has converted that dingy into a speedy motor boat. That's just how an Elto Motor enables you to go motor boating *a la carte*—that is, just when and how you like. Clamp an Elto on the stern of any rowing boat and you have a motor launch that can show the way to costliest craft. * * * Elto Motors are easy to handle. They are quick starting, smooth running, dependable, and unbelievably quiet. * * * 14 Models range from the world's fastest outboard racing motor down to a handy Lightweight "twin" costing only £25.



You can take an Elto Motor about with you anywhere—fix it to any boat you can hire. And first time you go out on the water with an Elto you'll understand why outboard motor boating is becoming so popular. And why royalty in more countries than one is using Elto Motors. Please send for the Illustrated Catalogue B31/3.

ELTO MOTOR SALES CO., LTD.
24, Harrison Street, London, W.C.1.

Elto Outboard Motors

You will get that little extra snap ON "Filtrate" REG. OILS

HEADQUARTERS: FILTRATE WORKS, LEEDS
LONDON DEPOT: 43 JOHNSON ST., S.W.1

ECCLES CARAVANS

The Ideal Holiday

THE ECCELITE No. 10.—The Latest Light-weight TRAILER CARAVAN. 14 feet long, 6 feet wide, £165 Complete. Accommodates Four. Towed easily by 11·9 h.p. Divides into two compartments at night with panelled door. Attractive interior. Buoyant mattresses. Solid panelled. Leaded windows—Roof ventilation. Safe and efficient cooker—Utensils held rattleproof in cupboards. Large draining tray and bowl. Extra large hanging wardrobe. Large roof lockers. Built to facilitate the fitting of a lean-to tent.

Write for Booklet "E" to: WORKS, STIRCHLEY, BIRMINGHAM.

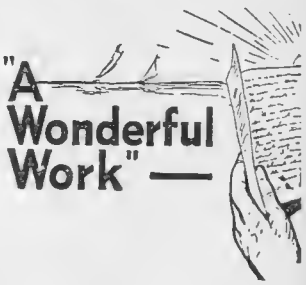
ON HOLIDAY

You can sun-bathe, sea-bathe and play games to your heart's content and still your hair will remain immaculate and lustrous if you dress it every morning with Rowland's Macassar Oil, the perfect hair food and hair dressing. Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6.
A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 22, Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

"A Wonderful Work"—



So WRITES a poor woman after a holiday with her children at the Church Army Fresh Air Homes—so grateful for the respite from drudgery and monotony.

If YOU would like to give a poor family fresh air and sunshine, please send a donation now.

£5 gives a mother and three children a fortnight's holiday.

£1 1s. sends mother and baby for one week.

Cheques payable to PREB. CARLILE, C.H., D.D., 55, BRYANSTON ST., LONDON, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP £350 for "Happy-go-Lucky" Snaps

WRIGHT'S SIMPLE COMPETITION OPEN TO YOU ALL

Here's an opportunity to win a handsome Cash Prize in an easy competition! Amongst those photographs you will be taking, now that the summer is here, will be a few that stand an excellent chance in Wright's "Happy-go-Lucky" Snap Contest. Whether they are of wife, baby, fiancée, husband, mother, father, or all of you together, it doesn't matter as long as they make a jolly snap. Don't trouble to pose specially; often the best results are obtained by catching someone unawares in a really happy moment. After reading the rules below, send your snaps to us.

Cut out this advertisement and keep it by you as a reminder. You will probably be glad later on!

1st PRIZE £100

2nd PRIZE £50

3rd Prize £25

20 prizes of £5 each

25 prizes of £1 each

100 prizes of 10/- each

RULES.

1. Name and address must be written on the back of the photograph. Competitors may send in as many photographs as they like, but each must be accompanied by three outside printed wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Prizes valued £350 will be awarded.
2. Photographs must not have been previously published in any way.
3. The Editor of the *DAILY SKETCH* will act as judge and his decision must be regarded as final. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.
4. The last day for receiving entries is Aug. 29, 1931, and the result will be announced in the *DAILY SKETCH* on Sept. 19, 1931.
5. All photographs submitted must be free from copyright fees. None can be returned under any circumstances.

Address entries to:

"Snaps," WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 48, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet.

BETTER MILK FOR BABIES

LACTOGEN

nourishes Baby quickly because it is so easily digested

You can almost see Baby growing stronger and sturdier under your eyes day by day, when you put him on Lactogen—the dried milk food.

Baby's flesh becomes firmer—bones more dense—he's more active, nerves are steady. He's happy and healthy—really thriving. For Lactogen supplies all the food elements Baby needs—and is very easily digested. Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream milk, with extra cream, and natural milk sugar added, made germ-free and dried in a way which preserves unchanged the valuable mineral and vitamin content of the raw fresh milk. Lactogen is thus made, in all important respects, exactly like breast milk. Even the most delicate baby can take Lactogen as his sole food from birth.

"LACTOGEN" REG. TRADE MARK

BETTER MILK FOR BABIES

PER 2/9 TIN

From all Chemists

FREE LACTOGEN SAMPLE & BOOKLET

Start your Baby right! Send for the useful little booklet "Early Days" and a Free Sample of Lactogen—the Better Milk for Babies. For Baby's sake send now!

THE LACTOGEN BABY BUREAU (Dept.AP. 25.), St. George's House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Lactogen is a Nestlés Product and is obtainable in all countries

'TRIDENT' SALMON & SHRIMP Paste

More flavour to the *Sandwich*—

More Sandwiches to the *Pot*—

with TRIDENT

MACONOCHIES MAKE IT—GOOD GROCERS SELL IT.

Fashions Fancies

RIVALS FOR FASHION'S FAVOUR

For garden-party wear has the shady hat on the right been created. Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, have carried it out in fine natural-coloured baku, trimming it with flowers of angel skin. The tailored hat on the left is of black felt and melusine reinforced with a black-and-white feather mount

A New "Red" Fur

HIGH AND LOW COLLARS, RETURN OF THE MARQUISE AND PARADISE PLUMAGE

An Important Question

EVERYONE is talking about the bustle and wondering whether it will return with its ever-faithful companion, the waspish waist. The marvellous "wired" affairs will most assuredly not. Softly draped bows will undoubtedly appear in conjunction with apron tunics, which at the back will be finished with soft frills that more often than not take the form of draperies. The "compressed" waist cannot return as long as women indulge in open-air sports, including motoring and flying. Some of the new evening dresses have becoming basques about five or six inches deep, the skirt is gauged horizontally, then when the knees are passed frills are introduced to match those on the basque. Miniature sleeves of the epaulette, puff and chemise characters will undoubtedly have their rôles to play.

The Fur Collar

THERE are many women, especially those who hunt, who will never wear red fox, although there is nothing more glorious when seen in conjunction with the green of a billiard table. This season a new fur has appeared that has taken unto itself the appearance of red fox; it is only when it is touched that it is realised that it is not. Those who have not to consider pounds, shillings and pence too carefully, will certainly have to acquire an ensemble of one of the new French fabrics of a billiard-table green shade, it looks smart with a high collar of this fur. Another modish colour is raspberry-juice red. It is never seen to greater advantage than in alliance with black astrachan. There are two distinct types of collars—both of fur—one, when it is buttoned up, extends to the top of the nose, while the other is merely a band and varies from 2½ to 3 inches wide.

This graceful tea-gown would look well in a variety of materials, including Courtaulds' printed "San Toy" and crêpe de Chine

The Bowler With a Difference

BRIEF has been the life of the true bowler, now it has been treated in such a manner that it bears little resemblance to its prototype. In its most attractive form it is turned up at one side and down at the other, and is often trimmed with a narrow band of ribbon or a flat feather fantasie. Sometimes the brim is reinforced with a narrow insertion of ribbon or it may be gauged ribbon arranged to look like a feather. It has a decidedly tailored aspect. Furthermore, there are many variations of the tricorne, one point must appear over the left eye; they are of felt, velvet and velour. When they are destined to be worn with tailor-mades, their sole adornment is a quill; sometimes it is seen at the back, sometimes in front, and sometimes at the side. And with the velvet tricornes that will accompany afternoon toilettes superb paradise plumage forms the pièce de résistance.

Suggestions for Sale Remnants

ALTHOUGH the sales are over and the advance guard of the autumn modes have arrived, there are still the remnants that really are gilt-edge investments to be considered. Pictured on this page are some suggestions for utilising the same. The tea-gown on the left would look remarkably well carried out in lamé and crêpe de Chine, or a "San Toy" printed fabric might be substituted for the former. There are a variety of fabrics in which the pyjamas on the right might be expressed, and, of course, the little bolero might be made of a contrasting fabric and colour. Little material will be needed for knickers and cami-knickers, which are enriched with lace.

Here are some suggestions for the utilisation of sale remnants; the woman who is clever with her needle may easily make them. They are pyjamas, knickers and cami-knickers

IF OLD KING COLE

had called for a bottle of 'King George IV' to go into his bowl he would have gone down to posterity as not only a merry old soul but a very wise one.

KING GEORGE IV

1187 B

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

Hors d'Œuvres.

Crème d'Oseille.

Sole à l'Indienne.

Jambon Braisé.
Haricots verts à la Bechamel.

Pain d'Ananas à la Royale.

Timbales de Foie Gras à l'Aspic.

Dessert. Café.

Crème d'Oseille

Take a few handfuls of sorrel leaves and cook them till tender. Then pass through a sieve. Pour a pint each of water and milk into a saucepan and season with pepper and salt. Stir in the sorrel purée and add a little sugar and a few lettuce leaves. Simmer for a quarter of an hour. Just before serving stir in the yolks of three eggs and a little butter.

Sole à l'Indienne

Fry the soles in the usual way. The Indienne sauce is made of melted butter mixed with pickles and the liquor of the piccalilli. Pour this round the fish and garnish with chopped gherkins and capers.

DÉJEUNER

OFFERT

Par la MUNICIPALITÉ et le SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE de CAEN

à MM. les REPRÉSENTANTS de la PRESSE ANGLAISE et du "SOUTHERN RAILWAY"

les Hors-d'Œuvre variés
le Turbot froid à la Nantua
les Poulets rôtis
les Haricots verts
les Fraises Melba
les Fromages et les Fruits

le Chablis — le Moka
le Moulin-à-Vent — les Liqueurs

Servi à l'Hôtel d'Angleterre
le Samedi 11 Juillet 1931

The menu of an attractive luncheon served at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Caen on the occasion of the visit of British journalists and representatives of the Southern Railway

Jambon Braisé

Soak a small ham for twelve hours and cook it in water for one hour. Take it up, remove the rind, and trim it neatly. Put it in a braising pan with one glass of Burgundy, one quart of gravy or thin brown sauce, a bay leaf, a few peppercorns, two or three peeled shallots, an onion stuck with a clove, and one carrot. Cover the pan and cook for two more hours, until the ham is quite tender. Take it out, remove the fat from the liquor, strain it, and return to the pan, adding one dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce, one teaspoonful of castor sugar, and reduce with a little Espagnole sauce. Cut the ham into slices and dish up; pour over some of the prepared sauce, garnish with small potato croquettes, a few mushrooms, and serve.

Pain d'Ananas à la Royale

Half a pint of grated pineapple, ½ oz. of leaf gelatine, one tablespoonful of sherry, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 2 oz. of castor sugar, and the whites of two eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in the lemon-juice and a little water, then put it into a saucepan with the pineapple and sugar, and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Leave to cool, first adding the sherry, and when almost cold add the whipped whites of eggs and pour into a mould to set.

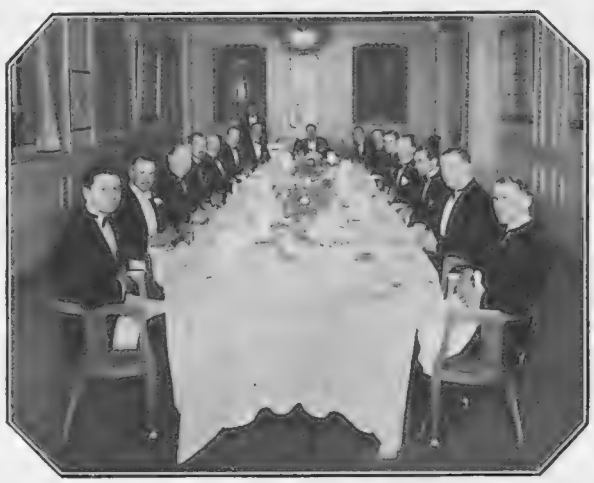
Timbales de Fois Gras à l'Aspic

Line some small moulds with aspic, then place a good piece of foie gras in each; fill up with aspic. Leave till set, then turn out and serve on chopped aspic.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Sporting Action

The withdrawal of the American competitors from the *Detroit News* Trophy Race, which was raced on Southampton Water during the recent Motor Boat Week, naturally created a difficult situation for the English competitors—Miss Betty Carstairs, "Newg II," Mr. F. A. White, "Whyteleaf III," and Mr. H. Scott-Paine, "Miss Britain II"—who suddenly found themselves in the position of being compelled to race against one another, whereas before there was a sort of team spirit amongst them to defend the Trophy and, at all costs, retain it in this country. The situation was further complicated by the fact that "Whyteleaf III" was designed by Mr. Scott-Paine as well as "Miss Britain II." In consequence of this situation Mr. H. Scott-Paine decided to replace "Miss Britain II" by the last year winner of the Trophy "Miss Britain I," and this action was certainly highly appreciated by the British sporting public. "Miss Britain I" is a slower boat, which gave the other two competitors a better chance of winning the Trophy for themselves. "Miss Britain II" is being prepared for shipment to Stockholm, where in all probability she will enter for the International races being held there from August 8 and will, in all probability, be sent on from there to Geneva and afterwards to Venice for the International races being held at these centres on August 15 and September 13 respectively.



A photograph taken at the dinner recently given by Warwick Wright to the Talbot racing team and some of those who played an active part in helping towards their success. Included in the group are Col. Brockbank, the new Commercial Manager of the S.D.T. group, Capt. Makins, the Sales Manager of the Talbot Company, and Messrs. Fox and Nicholl, through whom the Talbot team are always entered

Dunlops and Fast Travel

In the Shelsley Walsh open hill climb the Shelsley International Championship Cup for the fastest time of the day was won by R. J. G. Nash in a Frazer Nash. The car was equipped with Dunlop tyres which were also used by the winners of five other cups and by eight of the twelve Class winners.

How the Tattoo Was Recorded

With the authority of the Aldershot Command, "His Master's Voice" have for some years had the sole right of recording for the gramophone the Searchlight Tattoo on the huge natural arena of Rushmoor. To preserve all the thrills and atmosphere of the Tattoo, the Gramophone Company's engineers and the mobile recording studio were present at all the performances, and on over fifty wax discs the sound waves of the music were etched, and from these the most effective excerpts were selected to form the two records of four sides now available to the public. Six microphones were placed at different points of the arena, and these were connected to the recording van by means of several miles of electric cable, most of it being buried below the ground over which the troops marched.

The first record is a composite one giving the bugles sounding the Retreat, drums and fifes, fanfare by mounted band, the pipe band, the massed band of the Command, a mimic battle and "Love's Old Sweet Song," as a memory, each item being introduced by voice. On the reverse side there is club swinging to the strains of "Bathing in the Sunshine" by a band and men whistling, and the grand finale which ends with "Abide With Me," the National Anthem and cheers for the Queen, who was present, by the 7,000 soldiers on parade. The second record of the Tattoo renders Handel's "Largo" played with rich and noble effect by a thousand musicians. The programme finishes with the March Off, when the bands give such favourites as "Here We Are Again," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Tipperary," and "Soldiers of the Queen."

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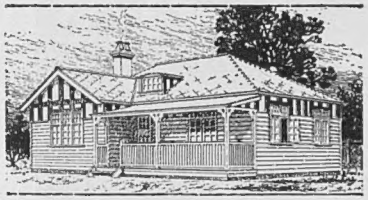

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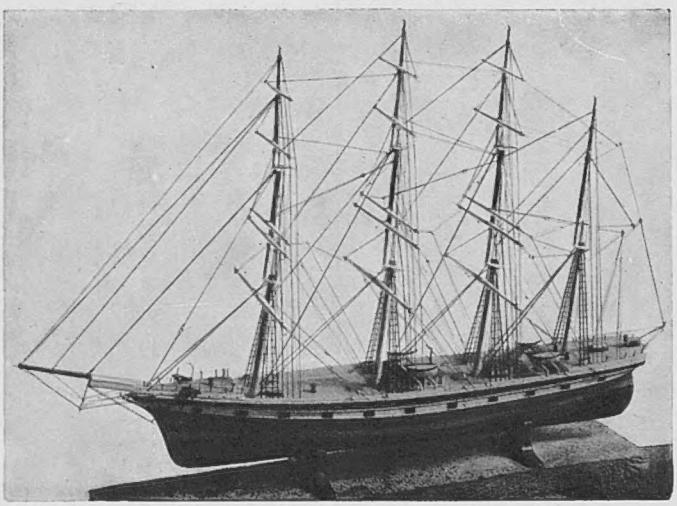

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The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

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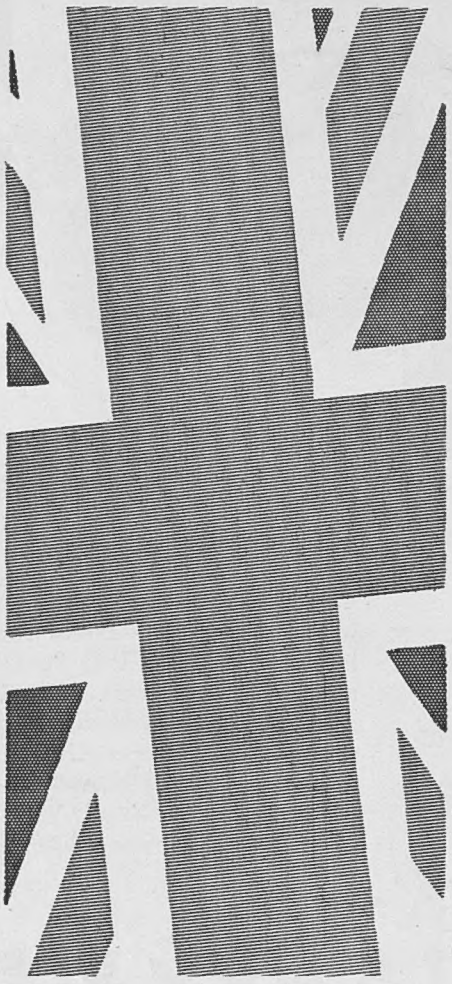

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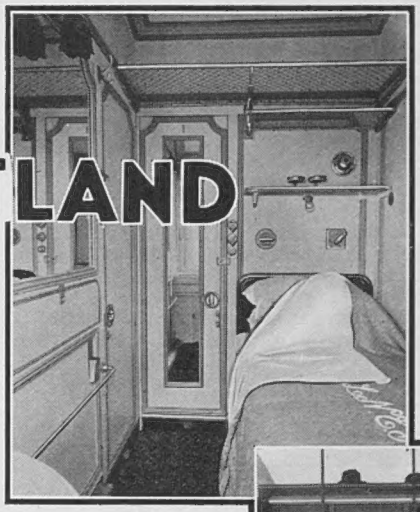

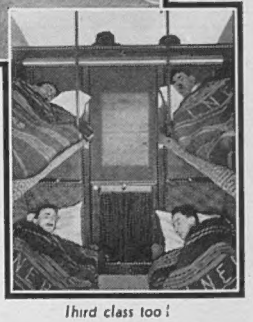

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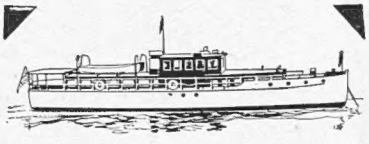

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